

HEROICK VIRTUE OR, THE NOBLE SUFFERERS.

Exemplified in the Illustrious LIVES, and Sur-
prizing ADVENTURES of several Noblemen
and Ladies. (viz.) *Don Lopez* and *Teresa*; the
Count de *Hautville* and *Emilia*. &c. &c.

WHO were Shipwreck'd on
a desolate *Island*, on the Coast
of *China*; the astonishing Dis-
coveries they made there, and
their wonderful Escape from
thence.

AN Account of their being ta-
ken Captives at Sea by the
Algerine Pirates, who carri'd
them into Slavery, where
they met with several

Persons of Quality in the same
unhappy Condition

The various Trials and Suf-
ferings they underwent, and
uncommon Accidents that
befel them.

THEIR happy Deliverance
at last, and fortunate arrival
in the Year 1751. in their
several Native Countries of
France, *Spain*, and *Venice*.

To which is Added,
The HISTORY of
BERNARD LOMELLIN,
Merchant of *GENOA*.

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REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE
BUREAU OF LANDS
FOR THE YEAR 1882

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CHAP. I.

THE History of Great and Illustrious Persons, has generally something in it so grand and striking, that the Facts related of them, make the most sensible Impression upon the Mind of the attentive and intelligent Reader: Both in Prosperity and Distress, their Thoughts, Words and Actions, rise vastly above the common level of Mankind, and shews them Superior to the rest of their Fellow Mortals, not only as distinguish'd by their

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their Rank and Degree in Life, but by a peculiar Greatness of Soul, which gives a kind of Grandure to all they say and do. A virtuous Great Man, for no Man can be truly Great without being Virtuous, gives, in every Condition and Circumstance of Life, a wonderful display of shining Qualities, which the best good Man in a lower Station, cannot shew to the same Advantage. In Prosperity, his Generosity, Affability, Compassion, and other human Excellencies, attract the Eyes and gain the Affections of the People, perhaps, of a whole City or Province. In Adversity, his Behaviour is answerable to the Dignity of his former Station, and all those who have heard of, or have shar'd of his unbounded Liberality, Compassionate his Misfortunes, and sympathise with him in his Distress. Providence seems to intrest itself in a peculiar Manner in the behalf of the Brave and the Virtuous, as well to preserve some Examples for Imitation, as to shew to what high Perfections in Virtue human Nature may advance. This will be abundantly manifest from the ensuing History and Adventures, which we now proceed to relate.

To begin then with the Examples of the brave *Don Lopez*, and the Virtuous *Teresa*.
These

These Persons, who are the principal Subject of this Narrative, were both Natives of *Spain*; the Lady *Teresa's* Father was Don *Sancho de Avilla*, a Gentleman of *Castile*; who, being a Widower, took this Young Lady, his only Child, then but ten Years of Age, and went for *Mexico*, where he resolv'd to reside the remainder of his Days; having receiv'd some disgust at his Master the King of *Spain*, who had refus'd him the Government of a Place in *Castile*, which he had asked for.

He left *Spain* in the Year 1708, and arriv'd safe at *Mexico* with all his Effects and Family. There he soon increas'd his Fortune greatly, and the fair *Teresa* improv'd in Stature and Beauty; so that in two Years time she was admir'd by all the Men, and envy'd by all the Women. She was moderately fair, but her Eyes were black and shining, and inspired Love with every Glance. Her Mouth and Features were so sweet, so charming, that her Smiles still heal'd the Wounds her Eyes did give. Her Shape, her Air, her Voice, were all divine. Her Soul was Noble, full of solid Sense and Honour. She was affable, pious, witty, chaste, and free from Pride. Her Father was so fond of her, he thought his Happiness consisted wholly in her

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her Life and Welfare; priz'd her above his Wealth, and resolv'd to sacrifice all he had got, rather than not place her nobly in the World.

But alas! Heaven smiles at our Designs, and soon convinced him he could live without her. One Evening the fair *Teresa* being at a Country-house of her Father's, at *Segura*, going to take the Air in a Pleasure-Boat, with her Servants; a strong Wind rose, and blew them out to Sea: Three Days and Nights they remain'd toss'd too and fro, in the extreamest Danger and Despair. at last the Boat over-set, and the merciless Waves swallowed that, and all her Attendants, except a *Blackmore* Slave, who leaping into the Sea, cry'd, *My dear Lady, throw your self upon me, and I will bear you up till I die.* It was Dusk, and no Land appeared: But as she held him round the Neck, he (swimming) cry'd, *Land, Land, hold fast I tread on Land.* Then getting nearer to the Shore, he found his hopes answer'd; for they were cast on a desolate Island, where no Signs of any Inhabitants appear'd. Here the half dead *Teresa* fainted, and the poor *Black* laying her upon the Grass, sat down weeping by her; having nothing to give her,
to

to comfort her or himself. She at length recover'd, and with that weak Voice she had left, return'd God Thanks for her Safety.

AT break of Day they saw an old *Indian* Man come down towards them, drest in Beasts Skins, a Hat of Canes, and Sandals of Wood upon his Feet: He went to a Tree, drag'd a Canoe of a strange Fashion, that stood against it, down to the Sea; and was entering into it when he perceived *Teresa* and the *Moor*: He presently made up to them, and by strange Gestures express'd his Surprize, seeming to admire her Habit and Beauty; the *Black* who was skill'd in them, by Signs inform'd him of their Distress. The *Indian* who prov'd a *Japanese*, cast on Shore there, with his Wife and three Children, in the *Chinese* Language invited them to his home: The *Moor* understood him, and inform'd his Lady, they went with him. They found his Wife and Children in a poor Cottage or hut; she was drest in Beasts Skins, and the Children were naked: The hut was built with Boughs of Trees, and hurdles made with Canes to fill the spaces; the Roof was thatched with Plashes and Leaves, yet so that the Rains could not enter: The *Indians* were humane, and treated them the best they were able,

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able, bringing out dry'd Fish and Eggs, which the Woman roasted in the embers of a Fire they had made to warm them. There was only one Room where they must all eat and lie; Rushes and dry'd Leaves, with no Coverlid but Beasts Skins, were their Beds; *Indian* Corn dry'd in the Sun, their Bread; Water their Drink. This was a hard Trial for so young a Creature as the fair *Teresa*, who had been bred with such Delicacy and Indulgence: But her Virtues exceed her Years and Strength; she eat thankfully what was set before her, was wholly resign'd to the will of heaven, and murmur'd not at Providence. Here she and the *Moor* continued eight Days. The poor *Indian* who was a Christian, converted with his Family by the Missionaries in *Japan*, and was shipwreck'd here as he was going with Goods for the Merchants to *China*, with a small Bark which he was then Owner of; he and the *Moor* went daily out to fish, hoping to get sight of some Ship, or Bark, that would carry them to *Japan*, or *Mexico*. Mean time the Lady not being able to converse with the poor *Indian* Woman, whose Language she was a Stranger to, walk'd out as far as her weak Legs would carry her, to view the Island which seem'd of no small

small Extent: Here she found Fruits of divers Kinds, pleasant and good, especially Grapes, which, tho' wild, were of excellent Taste; these she eat and brought home; where pressing out the Juice, she mixt it with Water, making a pleasant Drink of it. This raised a curiosity in the *Black* to range about the Island, hoping to discover something worth his Labour. He found Nests of young Birds, and Rice, Olives, Honey in the hollow Trees; and every Day brought home something acceptable, and of great Use in their melancholy Condition. But Providence was determin'd to deprive *Teresa* of this Comfort also; for one Morning she walked out with *Domingo* (for so was her faithful Slave call'd) to divert her self with the sight of some pleasant Walks he had discover'd in a woody Place about two Miles from the House; which being arriv'd at, they ventured into the very thickest part of it: There *Domingo* espy'd a Tree, with Fruit he had never seen before, not unlike a *European* Pear; he boldly ventur'd to gather, and taste it, tho' *Teresa* warn'd him to forbear tasting it till they had shewn it to the *Indian*: He eat two of them, putting more in his Pocket; and in a few Minutes after found himself Sick,
and

and began to Vomit. They hasten'd to return home ; but before they could reach half way, he fell down and embracing his Lady's Knees, cry'd, Farewel my dear Mistress ; may God, to the Knowledge of whom your dear Father brought me, keep you, and deliver you hence ; comfort you when I am gone, and have Mercy upon the Soul of your poor Slave. Remember me, charming *Teresa* ; my Soul ador'd you, but Christianity restrain'd me from asking what my amorous Soul languish'd to possess. I 'brought you to the Wood with Thoughts my Soul now sinks at. I was born free as you, and thought I might with Honour ask your Love, since Heaven had singled me out to save your Life, and live your only Companion and Defender ; but God has thought fit to disappoint me. May no other rob you of that Treasure which I no longer can protect. Angels guard you. Give me one Kiss, and send my Soul to rest. Here he grasp'd her Hand, and strove to rise, but fell back and expir'd. The fair *Teresa* remain'd so afflicted and surprized, that she was not able to stand ; her tender Soul was so shock'd, she was even ready to follow him ; the Generosity and Love he had shewn, the desolate Condition she was left in, distracted her ;

her: Yet she could not but applaud the Goodness of God, who had so wonderfully prevented her Ruin; for tho' he had a Soul fair as his Face was black, yet *Domingo* her Father's Slave, was not fit to enter her Bed.

SHE was now left alone, no human Creature left that could understand her Language; very small hopes of ever being deliver'd from this dismal Place, the poor *Indians* having lived here five Years already.

THESE sad Thoughts o'erwhelm'd her for some time; one while she turn'd her Eyes to the insensible *Domingo*, then to the distant Sea and *Mexico*: At length she cast them up to Heaven, and cry'd, 'My God, pity my Youth and Innocence; Death would be now a Favour to me. What shall I do in this sad Place! How spend those wretched hours thou hast aloted me to live! Who shall close my Eyes, or lay me decently in my Grave? But why do I reflect on that? Who shall improve by any good that I can do, whilst Living, or teach me to sustain the Miseries of Life as I ought? Oh! thou who madest and canst not hate me, encrease my Faith and Patience; or free my Soul from this Extremity of Grief by Death. But alas! do I instruct my God? do I point
C out

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‘ out to him the way to help me! am I fit
 ‘ to die, and not resign’d to him? forgive me,
 ‘ gracious Heaven: I rest satisfied: This
 ‘ lonely Place shall henceforth be my *Patmos*
 ‘ Here free from Temptations that delude
 ‘ Mankind I’ll live; the Woods shall be my
 ‘ Oratory: I’ll only eat to live, count Things
 ‘ the most distastful, wholesom and good, and
 ‘ live to die.’ Here she attempted to rise,
 but was not able. She remain’d here some
 Hours. At last, the poor *Indian* Woman
 came to seek her, and after having exprest in
 her Language much Concern for *Domingo*,
 led her home.

SHE continued thus ten Days, beginning
 to understand something of their Language:
 the *Indian* bury’d *Domingo*, and *Teresa* grew
 very sick, yet refrain’d not to walk daily to
 the Wood, where she offer’d up her Prayers
 to God.

ONE Morning as she was at her Devo-
 tion, she was interrupted by the Voice of a
 Woman, who was making sad Lamentation in
 the *French* Tongue, for the Death of some
 Person. *Teresa* rose from her Knees, and fol-
 lowed the sound of the Voice, came to the
 farther side of the Wood, where she perceiv’d
 a dark Valley betwixt two small Hills, which
 were

were so cover'd with Trees as render'd the Valley very obscure; here sat a Woman with her Hair dishevel'd, her Habit rich, but altogether negligent, upon the Ground: Upon a Scarlet Cloak lay a Man, whose Habit spoke him no common Person, a Death-like Paleness reign'd in his Face, and he appear'd as one just dead. The Woman wring her Hands, tore her Hair, and shew'd all the Symptoms of a Person in Despair. *Teresa*, who spoke *French*, after some time address'd herself to her in this Manner: 'Madam, behold here a
' Person, who is, perhaps, wretched as your-
' self, yet not quite unable to help you; tell
' me your Grief, and if I cannot repair your
' Loss, I may yet comfort you.' The Woman looking up, discover'd the most lovely Face imaginable. 'Speak not, *said she*, to me
' of Comfort; since the too charming *Haut-*
' *ville* is no more, I am inconsolable. See
' here a Man, who has left his Country, For-
' tune, and Friends to follow me; and being
' cast on this cursed Shore by an unskilful
' Pilot, has perish'd at my Feet for want of
' Food. We have been five sad Days in this
' inhospitable Place, where the Bruises he had
' receiv'd against the cruel Sands upon his
' Breast, bringing me upon his Back to Shore,
made

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‘ made him unable to go farther. I gathered
 ‘ Fruit and Honey ; but alas ! he wanted o-
 ‘ ther Food, refus’d to eat enough to support
 ‘ Life, and is now departed, leaving me the
 ‘ most unhappy Wretch on Earth. ’ Here
 she renew’d her Transport of Sorrow; kiss
 his pale Lips, and beat her Brest against the
 Ground ; which *Teresa*, who wanted Strength
 to hold her, beheld with utmost Compassion.
 At last the Gentleman fetch’d a deep Sigh,
 and open’d his Eyes. ‘ Fond Woman, said
 ‘ *Teresa*, sit not thus to weep, but rise and
 ‘ follow me ; the God which Grief makes
 ‘ you forget, sends you Help by me : Make
 ‘ haste, I’ll give you Food and Wine, which
 ‘ tho’ but poor, will sustain Life ’ At these
 Words *Teresa* ran back to the Hut as fast
 as her Weakness would permit, and made the
Indian Woman follow her with Food to the
 Wood, where they found the Lady and Gen-
 tleman, both almost senseless ; but pouring
 some of the Grape Juice down their Throats,
 which was strong, tho’ not purify’d like Wine,
 they reviv’d, and having got a little Food in
 their Stomachs, made shift to rise, and walk
 a little way, but could not reach the Hut
 till Evening. *Teresa* stay’d by them all the
 Day, o’erjoy’d that she had Company ; and
 after

after having eat and drank a second time, the Gentleman repaid her Courtesy with this handsome Acknowledgment: ‘Blest Angel, for such you have been to me, and my dear *Emilia*, how came you here? Such Beauty and such Youth, and Innocence as appears in your Face, might surely have secured you from the Miseries of Life. What cruel Accident brought you to this desert Isle?’ Here *Teresa* recounted her Misfortunes, and in return, desired to know theirs, if his Strength would permit. The Count *de Hautville* readily consented to gratify her, and began the fair *Emilia*’s and his own History, in this Manner.

CHAP.





C H A P. II.

‘ **M** A D A M, we are Natives of *France*,
 ‘ born both in one Province, *Poitou*
 ‘ is our Country; I was the Son of the Mar-
 ‘ quis *de Ventadore*, a Man whose Fortune
 ‘ and Quality render’d him vain, and me un-
 ‘ happy. This Lady was the Daughter of
 ‘ a Gentleman, who, tho’ not equal to my
 ‘ Father in Fortune, was as nobly descended.
 ‘ He was the younger Son of a General, and
 ‘ was related to the Duke *de Vendome*. *Emi-*
 ‘ *lia* was his only Child, whose Beauty and
 ‘ Virtues made her worthy a Prince’s Bed. I
 ‘ saw, and lov’d her from my Infancy; our
 ‘ Affection was encreased by our Years, and
 ‘ grew up with us. When I was fourteen,
 ‘ my Father carry’d me to *Paris*, shew’d me
 ‘ the Court, and all the celebrated Beauties
 ‘ that shine there, where Art is used to im-
 ‘ prove each Charm, and Jewels and Habit
 ‘ join with Nature to subdue the Heart; but
 ‘ *Emilia* was possess’d of mine before. I view’d
 ‘ them

‘ them all unmov’d, was impatient to return
 ‘ to *Poitou*, and then my Father first began
 ‘ to mistrust my being preengag’d to some
 ‘ Person there. He carry’d me back with
 ‘ him, and set a Watch upon my Actions.
 ‘ Soon after my return home *Emilia*’s Father
 ‘ died, and she was taken by an old Aunt
 ‘ to be Educated. The Fortune left *Emilia*
 ‘ , was about two thousand Pounds, the Estate
 ‘ was entail’d, and could not descend to a
 ‘ Daughter, so a Kinsman enjoys it. This
 ‘ Lady was a sordid, malicious old Maid, who
 ‘ pretended to Devotion, and Sanctity, but
 ‘ was really a vile Hypocrite: She used her
 ‘ with great Severity, and gave my Father
 ‘ intelligence of my frequent Visits and Pre-
 ‘ sents to *Emilia*, hoping to gain his Fa-
 ‘ vour and a Reward, which she did not fail
 ‘ of. He urg’d me often to address myself
 ‘ to one Lady or other, and finding me firm
 ‘ to my first Choice, resolv’d to rid her out
 ‘ of my Way: In order to which, he sends
 ‘ for a Captain who was going to the *French*
 ‘ *Canada* for to Trade, and offers him three
 ‘ hundred Crowns to carry her away with
 ‘ him. The Villain accepts the Offer, visits
 ‘ the Aunt, acquaints himself with *Emilia*,
 ‘ at last invites them to *Rochel*, where his
 ‘ Ship

‘ Ship lay, to a Treat on board : She takes
 ‘ my Father’s Coach, which she pretended
 ‘ to borrow, and with the innocent *Emilia*
 ‘ goes to the cursed Entertainment, where
 ‘ they gave her Wine with an Infusion of
 ‘ Opium, which soon bereft her of all Sense ;
 ‘ then the hellish Fiend left her on board,
 ‘ and set out for *Paris*, where soon after
 ‘ my Father went. There they contriv’d a
 ‘ Story together to blind the World, pretend-
 ‘ ing *Emilia* was retired into a Monastery
 ‘ near *Paris* ; which when I heard, who was
 ‘ sufficiently alarm’d before with her Absence,
 ‘ I posted to *Paris*, searched every Place
 ‘ to find her, and quickly learn’d the fatal
 ‘ Truth : And now having vented my Pas-
 ‘ sion, I consulted my Reason, and resolv’d
 ‘ to sooth my Father into giving me some
 ‘ Fortune, and then to follow her. Provi-
 ‘ dence, who never fails to punish such enor-
 ‘ mous Crimes, in a short Time gave me the
 ‘ Means to execute this Design. An Uncle
 ‘ of my deceas’d Mother died, and left me a
 ‘ handsome Estate, being a Batchelor, and
 ‘ my Godfather ; I immediately sold it, secret-
 ‘ ly put the Money into the *India* Company’s
 ‘ Hands, taking Bills ; and one Morning left
 ‘ a Letter for my Father on my Table, and
 ‘ attended

‘ attended with one Servant only went Post
 ‘ for *Rochel*, where a Ship lay ready to sail
 ‘ with me to *Canada*, the Company having
 ‘ had an Account of the other Ship’s safe Ar-
 ‘ rival at *Quebeck*. The Letter contained
 ‘ Words much to this purpose.

My Honoured Lord and Father,

THAT you may not condemn me unjust-
 ly, or be surprized at my leaving you
 and my Country so suddenly and secretly, I
 leave this to inform you, that I am gone in
 search of *Emilia*, whom I have promis’d to
 make my Wife, to repair the inhuman Injury
 you have done that charming Maid. If I
 never return, ’tis the Will of Heaven. Whe-
 ther ever I am blest with your Favour, and a
 Sight of you again, or not, I shall never cease
 to honour, respect, and love you as a Father,
 and to be your

Most obedient Son and humble Servant,

Francis Edward, Count de Hautville.

‘ I left *France* before those my Father sent
 ‘ after me could overtake me, and in six Weeks
 ‘ arrived at *Quebeck*, where I soon learn’d

D

‘ where

' where the Villain Captain lodged, who had
 ' rodd'd me of *Emilia*. I addrest myself to
 ' the Governor, and Merchants on whom my
 ' Bills were drawn, who all promised to assist
 ' me. I obtain'd an Order from the Governor
 ' to secure him, and search his Lodgings; but
 ' could hear nothing of her. He deny'd the
 ' Fact, pleaded Ignorance, so I was forc'd to
 ' let him go, and use my Sword to do myself
 ' Justice. I got what Money I could of the
 ' Merchants, discounting the Bills, secured a
 ' Ship to carry me off, and then one Evening
 ' dogg'd him out of the Town with my Ser-
 ' vant. So soon as he was at the Fields, I
 ' came up to him, and demanded Satisfaction.
 ' We drew, fought, and it was my fortune to
 ' wound and disable him; he beg'd his Life,
 ' and confest he had left *Emilia* at *Panama*,
 ' designing so soon as he had dispatch'd his
 ' Affairs at *Quebeck*, to return thither and
 ' make her his Mistress, which he had in vain
 ' attempted when he had her at Sea; she ha-
 ' ving threatened him with Death if he offer'd
 ' to force her: But now being left in a wi-
 ' dow Woman's care, where he had placed
 ' her, destitute of Money and Friends, he
 ' doubted not of her complying with his De-
 ' sires at his return to her, since she could not
 ' subsist

‘ subsist in a strange Country without him.
‘ I was so provok’d at this, that I could scarce
‘ refrain killing him in the Place; however,
‘ I govern’d myself, my Servant and I led
‘ him to Town, and put him in a Surgeon’s
‘ Hands: Then I went directly to the Go-
‘ vernor’s and acquainted him with what had
‘ pass’d, desiring he would go and hear the
‘ Villain confess the Truth himself. He went
‘ with me, and now all the Place rung of
‘ him, so that had he liv’d he must never have
‘ return’d again to *Quebeck*: But in a few
‘ Days after I left it, he died of his Wounds;
‘ of which a Merchant sent me Word to *Pa-*
‘ *nama*, to which Place I went with Horses
‘ Which I hired, and there found the Widow’s
‘ House, but not *Emilia*. The Woman in-
‘ form’d me that some Days after the Captain
‘ left her, she heard of a *French* Captain’s ar-
‘ rival, who was come to Trade, and bound
‘ to new *Mexico*, and with him she was de-
‘ parted thence. I presently embarked in a
‘ small Vessel I hired, and went thither, and
‘ found her on board the honest Gentleman’s
‘ Ship, who had treated her with extraordi-
‘ nary Civility, and design’d to carry her
‘ home to *France* with him. What Joy and
‘ Transport we felt at this meeting, you may
‘ imagin.

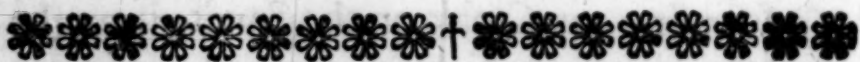
‘ imagin. I there marryed my charming *Emi-*
‘ *lia*, and resolv’d to return with her home.
‘ the Captain was not long before he had dis-
‘ patched his Affairs here, and then set sail
‘ for *Japan*, where he was oblig’d to deliver
‘ Goods; but we had not long past the Straits
‘ of *California* before a Hurrican rose, and
‘ our Pilot being unskilful, we run foul of
‘ those Islands that lie near *Cape Orientes*;
‘ there our Vessel struck, and split to pieces,
‘ every one shifted for themselves, my dear
‘ *Emilia*, was my only Care. I threw my
‘ Cloak into the Boat, threw her and myself
‘ into it, and fortunately got clear of the Ship
‘ before she split, taking only the Captain
‘ with us, whom I call’d to me. We had but
‘ eight Hands on board of Sailors, and they
‘ doubtless all perished in the Sea. The poor
‘ Captain, Monsieur *De Bonfoy*, holding the
‘ Rudder to steer the Boat, was by a Wave
‘ wash’d overboard and drown’d. We were
‘ left to the Mercy of the Winds and Seas,
‘ but by Providence preserv’d; for the Boat
‘ oversetting, I took *Emilia* on my Back,
‘ and seeing this Island, made towards it: But
‘ my strength was not sufficient, had not God
‘ caus’d the Waves to cast me on this Shore.
‘ We were both so spent we lay almost sense-
‘ less

' leis for some time: At last we made shift
 ' to creep to the Wood, being wet, cold, faint,
 ' and hungry; I being bruis'd, and my Limbs
 ' numm'd with lying on the Ground, could
 ' not rise, or walk farther; so my dear *Emi-*
 ' *lia* strove to supply my Wants and her own,
 ' and finding my Cloak on the Sands, brought
 ' and dry'd it, in which we wraped ourselves,
 ' and found much Comfort: But when God
 ' sent you to our Relief Nature was no lon-
 ' ger able to support us, and we were near
 ' dying for want of Food. ,

Teresa embraced *Emilia*, saying, ' Now I
 ' repent not my own Misfortunes in being
 ' cast on this Place, since it has preserved you
 ' both from perishing; we will chearfully
 ' support the Inconveniencies of it, till Hea-
 ' ven sends some Vessel to deliver us: Come
 ' let us try to reach the homely Cottage that
 ' must shroud us from the cold Air, and revive
 ' you with Food and Firing. '

They got to it, and found the poor *Indian*
 and his Wife ready to receive them: They
 made a Fire, boil'd them Eggs and Fish, gave
 them boil'd Rice; and tho' they could not
 converse with, or understand their Language,
 exprest much compassion for them. Here
 they lay this Night much comforted, and *Te-*
resa

reſa much o'erjoy'd that ſhe had ſuch Companions to converſe with; conceiving ſtrong Hopes of God's delivering her thence, who had ſo wonderfully provided Comforts for her in that diſmal Place.



C H A P. III.

THE next Morning the poor *Indian* went a fiſhing; the number of his Gueſts being now increaſed, it was neceſſary to uſe more Diligence than uſual to get Food for them. The *Indian* Woman prepared all at Home, whiſt her Gueſts walk'd out in ſearch of Fruits and Roots, of which they fail'd not to bring back ſome, eſpecially Grapes, which were of great uſe to them. Thus they continued to live, tho' very poorly, for ſome Days.

ONE Night the Wind blew hard. and it thunder'd as if Nature had fallen into Convulſions, and the World was unjointed. Towards Morning it clear'd up, and *Tereſa*, *Emilia* and the Count, walked out to view the Shore, deſirous to ſee what havock that dreadful Night had made: They found on the

the Shore several Coffers, Boxes, pieces of Timber, &c. Which shew'd some Vessel had been Shipwreck'd there. By this Time the *Indians* came to them, and the Count help'd them to bring up some of the Chests and Vessels, which they could reach to Shore.

MEAN time the Ladies walked on farther, and at some distance *Teresa* perceived a Man floating upon a Chest, which the Waves at length threw on the Shore: His Habit was *Spanish*, very Rich; his Shape incomparable; his Hands were clinched on the Chest, and when she took hold on him she thought him dead. *Emilia* and *Teresa* pitying him, strove to lift him up: But how great was *Teresa's* Surprise, when discovering his Face, she knew him to be the brave Don *Lopez*! a young Gentleman, only Son to the Governor of *Mexico*; a Youth of great Hopes, Quality and Fortune; who had ador'd her from the Moment he first saw her, and one who had made an Impression in her Heart, which she had carefully conceal'd, but could not efface. My God, she passionately cry'd, can I see him perish without Regret? Must Don *Lopez* charm the undone *Teresa* no more, nor my Ears hear that pleasing Voice? Help me

me Emilia, to save if possible, the Man I esteem above the World.

By this Time the Water pouring out of his Mouth, his Spirits recover'd, and with a deep Groan he gave Signs of Life. *Teresa* calling for help, the Count and *Indians* came up, they took the Stranger up, and carried him to the Hut; there they warm'd, chafed, and brought him to himself, some Quarts of Water having first been Vomited up. And now the *Indian* having discover'd that a Vessel of *Arrack* was amongst the Things they had sav'd in the Wreck, ran and fetch'd a Cup made of a Calabash, full of it; which holding above two Quarts, serv'd to revive them all, and mix'd with Grape Juice and Water, made excellent Drink for that Day.

AND now Don *Lopez* lifting up his Eyes, saw the lovely *Teresa*, who was behind him, supporting his Head with a Concern that had made her forget the discovery she made of her tender Affection for him, to the Standers by. *Blest God!* he cry'd, *do I again see Teresa? Is Life restor'd with such a Blessing?* Here he fainted, at which she was so much surpriz'd, that she turn'd pale and swoon'd.

THEY were in some Time both recover'd then he clasped her in his Arms saying,

‘Charming

‘ Charming Maid, I have sought you every
 ‘ where, resolving to find you, or die in the
 ‘ Attempt. I no sooner heard of your Dis-
 ‘ after, but I procured a Ship, have visited all
 the Coast of *Peru* and *Canada*. Missing you
 there, I was determin’d to go to *Japan*, it
 being the nearest Coast to which you could
 be drove. I fear’d, indeed, that the cruel
 Waves had swallowed you; but not being a-
 ble to live at *Mexico* without you, I rather
 chose to range the World, and court Death
 amongst *Pagans* and *Mahometans*. I de-
 sign’d to visit the *Holy Land*, and retire to
 some Deasert, and so spend my Days in Fast-
 ing, Prayers, and Contemplation: But indul-
 gent Heaven kindly drove me here, and
 would not let me perish. Now I am happi-
 er than Eastern Kings. This Place is as Pa-
 radise, where *Teresa’s* Presence makes all
 Things lovely. Say my good Angel, did
 you wish me living when you thought me
 dead? Am I welcome? *Teresa* much confus-
 ed, conscious of the Discovery she had made
 of her Passion for him, answer’d, ‘ Don
 ‘ *Lopez*, I have shewn too much Concern for
 ‘ you, not to explain the Sentiments I have
 ‘ for you: My Thoughts of you are too
 ‘ well discover’d by my Actions.’ Here he
 E bow’d,

bow'd saying, ' I thank thee, gracious Heaven, my Vows are heard: If I return in safety with her Home, I'll build a Church, and consecrate it to the Honour of our God. The Count and *Emilia* join'd in congratulating these transported Lovers; and now store of Salt Meat, Biscuit, Brandy, Wine, and Sugar, which was cast on Shore, being secured, they prepared such a Dinner as the poor *Indians* had not tasted of for some Years.

DON *Lopez* remember'd to ask what was become of the Coffer he was brought to Shore upon, which was not once thought of before, saying, *it had much Treasure in it.*

' When I found (said he) how great the Storm was, I caused it to be brought up upon Deck. The Ship tho' small, being not loaded, and a good Sailer, held out a long Time: At last the Lightning fir'd the Shrouds: We got the Boat out strait, and had but just Time to throw that Chest and ourselves into it. before the Ship was all on Fire. We saw this Island, and made for it; but the Waves rose so high, the Boat overset near the Shore: We leaped into the Sea, and I threw myself across the Chest, the Wind driving to the Island. At last losing my Breath, I fainted,

' so

‘ so the Water enter’d my Mouth, and God’s
 ‘ Providence brought me aShore.’ They
 went forthwith and found the Chest where
 they left it; but the Tide flowing, had they
 staid much longer they had lost a great
 Treasure, for Don *Lopez* had put into it
 much Gold, Plate, Jewels, and Cloaths, de-
 signing to return no more home.

AND now nothing was wanting to make
 this Company happy, but a Ship to carry
 them and the poor *Indians* to *Mexico*; for
 they were resolv’d to take them and their
 Children with them, in Gratitude for the
 Assistance they had given them. Mean time,
 to pass away the tedious Hours, they walk’d
 daily out, and found beyond the Woods a
 ruinous Pagan Temple, in which was several
 strange Images, the chief of which represented
 a Man, whose Head was adorn’d with the
 Rays of the Sun: It was rudely cut in black
 Marble, but the Rays were gilded finely.
 They concluded it to be the Work of some
Chinese or *Persians*, who had inhabited that
 Place in ancient Times. It was a curious
 Building, and seem’d to be founded upon
 Vaults. Near this Place were several Pits
 and Altars where Sacrifices had been kill’d
 and offer’d. Beyond this Place was a high
 Hill

Hill over which the Ladies did not dare to venture; several Times they return'd to this Temple, and still found something more of Antiquity to admire in it. One Morning the Count *de Hautville* and Don *Lopez* walk'd out very early to this Place, resolving to go over the Hill; and entering the ruin'd Temple, to rest before they pursued their Walk, they consider'd it more attentively than ever; and Don *Lopez* observ'd a Door that went down behind the Altar on which the Image of the Sun was plac'd: He boldly pul'd it open, saying, *In the Name of God let us enter, and see what this Place contains.* They descended by some Stairs, and enter'd a large Room, where a Lamp was burning before a hideous Image, whose Face was bigger than a *Buffalo*; his Eyes were two Lights like Torches; his Mouth stood open; his Limbs were proportionably large, made of burnish'd Brass; on his Breast was a Lion's Head; his Feet were like a Camel's: He had a Bow and Arrow in his Hands, a Mantle of curious Feathers hung over his right Shoulder: He stood upon a Crocodile of Stone, whose Jaws seem'd open to devour all that enter'd: Skulls and Jaw-bones, with Locks of clotted Hair, hung up against the Walls of this dreadful Vault,

Vault, and Skeletons of Cats, Wolves and Screech-owls: Several Grave-stones were in the Floor. As they enter'd the Bones began to rattle, the Image shook, the Crocodile's Teeth gnashed, and distant Thunder seem'd to roar. The Christian Heroes, tho' surprized, went not back, but fell upon their Knees besought God to keep and assist them. As they prayed the Lightning flash'd from the Image, the Graves open'd, and Voices were heard in the *Chinese* Language, which they understood not. At last the Lion's Mouth open'd in the Image's Breast, and a Voice pronounced these Words in *French*: 'Christians
' you have conquer'd: Ador'd by the Pa-
' gan *Indians*; long I have been worshiped
' here, and human Sacrifices offer'd to this
' hideous Idol, by which I was honour'd:
' But now my Power is taken from me.
' The God you Serve has silenced me.
' Depart through this Room you'll find a
' Way leads under the great Hill, by ancient
' *Persians* made: There are Christians will
' assist you to depart from this sad Place and
' Isle. Avoid the *Indian* Shore, and Men.
' It will be long e'er you see your native
' Country and Friends again. My fatal Hour
' is come, and I am henceforth Dumb.' Here
the Image fell in pieces, the Graves shut, the

Lamps in his Eyes went out; and by the Light of the Lamp before it, they departed full of Wonder; and past throw another Door which led to a long Passage, at the end of which they found themselves at the other side of the Hill, in an open Country; there they saw the open Sea, and on the Coast a small Stone Building, which coming near to, they found to be a House. At the Door of it stood a venerable Man in a *Persian* Dress: He observed them as one amaz'd; when they came near, he came to meet them, and speaking *Spanish*, ask'd whence they came, and who they were: Don *Lopez* inform'd him. He embrac'd him, saying, *Welcome Christians in God's Name, enter and refresh yourselves.* They came in and found a House neat, and well furnished, with Carpets, Porcelain, Quilts, Painting Screens, and such Furniture as the *Persians* of Distinction use; with three well dress'd Slaves, who brought Wine, Sherbet, and Fowl, and boil'd Rice. Being seated with much Ceremony, the *Persian* stay'd not to be intreated, but said, *Eat Gentlemen, and I will tell you how I came to this Place, and why I dwell here.* They bowed, and respectfully kept Silence, much desiring to know who he was, which he thus inform'd them of.

C H A P.



CH A P. IV.

‘ I WAS born in *Persia*, my Father was
 ‘ a General in the Emperor’s Service, I
 ‘ was a Captain of his Guard at 20 Years of
 ‘ Age, much esteem’d by him, and in great
 ‘ Favour, and knew no greater Happiness
 ‘ than to be Great, or Religion but Maho-
 ‘ metanism: I had a noble House and a Se-
 ‘ raglio, where five Women of great Beauty
 ‘ serv’d my Pleasures, and sweeten’d all those
 ‘ Hours that I dedicated to my Diversions.
 ‘ It happen’d that a *Turkish* Captain brought
 ‘ some Slaves to sell at *Ispahan*; amongst
 ‘ which was a *Spanish* Girl, a Virgin of but
 ‘ 13 Years of Age, fair as ever Nature made.
 ‘ Her Completion exceeded Art, her Eyes
 ‘ were dark blue, her Hair light brown, her
 ‘ Features soft and charming; she had an Air
 ‘ so innocent, so modest so engaging, that she
 ‘ attracted the Eyes of all that pass’d along;
 ‘ It was my Fortune to be going to the Pa-
 ‘ lace that Way: I saw her, and stopping
 ‘ to admire her Beauty, I presently asked the
 ‘ Price of the sweet Girl; the Captain ask’d
 ‘ me

' me a hundred Crowns: I paid him down
 ' the Money, and sent one of my Slaves
 ' home with her. It is impossible to describe
 ' to you how uneasy I was to go home;
 ' my Impatience was so great, that I thought
 ' each Hour a Year whilst the Emperor de-
 ' tain'd me. He was going to ride in the
 ' *Almaidan*, which would have oblig'd me
 ' to stay with him all Day; I therefore feign-
 ' ed a sudden Indisposition, and beg'd leave
 ' to retire; he consented, and I flew to my
 ' charming Slave: The Eunuch that kept
 ' my Women, had placed her in a Chamber
 ' to wait my Commands. I hastily asked for
 ' her; they told me Dinner waited: But I
 ' neglected eating, and entering the Chamber,
 ' found the charming *Maria*, for that was
 ' her Name, seated upon a Couch, pale as
 ' Death, her Head gently reclining on her
 ' lovely Hand, her Face all bathed in Tears.
 ' She rose at my coming up to her; I took
 ' her in my Arms with a Transport I had
 ' never known before, and bid the Eunuch
 ' bring in Wine and Meat, and I would eat
 ' here. He withdrew: I kist, and embrac'd,
 ' and shew'd her all the most tender Marks
 ' of Esteem: she trembled, wept, look'd
 ' down, and sigh'd as if her Heart would
 ' break.

‘ break. Dinner brought in I courted her
 ‘ to eat and drink, but she refus’d. Unable
 ‘ to delay my Bliss, I took her by the Hand,
 ‘ led her into the Bed-Chamber; but then
 ‘ she fell upon her Knees, still silent, not an-
 ‘ swering one Word, and shew’d such Fear
 ‘ and Grief, that I was shock’d; my Blood
 ‘ cool’d, and I resolv’d to court her to my
 ‘ Arms, and stay till she would make me
 ‘ Happy. I took her up, wip’d away her
 ‘ Tears, and ask’d her in *Spanish*, why she
 ‘ treated me so cruelly? having ask’d what
 ‘ Nation she was of, when I bought her.

“ You are *said she*, an odious Mahometan,
 “ and I a Christian: I am your Slave, by
 “ Heaven’s Permission; but my Soul is free,
 “ and can’t consent to such a hateful Deed.
 “ Leave me or kill me; for I prefer Death to
 “ a disgraceful Life. Force me, and I’ll hate
 “ you, loath you, ruin your Joys, and fly
 “ you with Scorn and Coldness: but spare
 “ my Virtue. Oh! spare my Shame, and I’ll
 “ adore you, do any thing that you command.
 “ In short she melted my Soul; I treated her
 “ as if I had been her Slave, and used her so,
 “ that she promised if I would turn Christian,
 “ she would yield to be my Wife. In a few
 “ Days the Emperor was inform’d what a
 F “ beautiful

“ beautiful Virgin I had purchased: He
“ asked me gently, ‘ *Tanganor*, may I not
“ see the *Spanish* Girl you have at Home?
“ Pray bring her to me this Day: I have
“ heard much of her, ’ I remain’d silent, as
“ one Thunder-struck for some time; at last
“ recovering “ My mighty Lord, said I,
“ she’s not what Fame reports, but I will
“ fetch her to you.” ‘ I departed from Court
“ that Moment so distracted, I knew not
“ what Course to take; I acquainted *Maria*
“ with what happen’d, who appear’d as dis-
“ order’d as I: I resolved not to part with
“ her, yet dared not keep her: The Em-
“ peror was not to be trifl’d withal: If he
“ was disobliged, Death and Ruin must fol-
“ low. Whilst we were debating, my Eu-
“ nuch enter’d the Room trembling; “ My
“ Lord, *said he*, the Emperor has sent *Ben-*
“ *darius* his Chief Eunuch with a Guard to
“ demand the fair Slave.” ‘ E’er he had fi-
“ nish’d the Eunuch enter’d, and taking her
“ by the Hand, who was all in Tears, “ Weep
“ not, fair Virgin, *said he*, for such I hope
“ you are; an Emperor’s Bed courts your
“ Acceptance; you are too fair for any Sub-
“ ject to possess.” ‘ He gave her no time to
“ reply, but took her away in a Sedan, lea-
“ ving

‘ ving me in the utmost Distraction and De-
 ‘ spair. “ I knew my Ruin was decreed,
 “ and was too well satisfy’d of *Maria’s* Vir-
 “ tue, to believe that she would yield to the
 “ Emperor, without such Reluctance as
 “ would inform him she lov’d me ; and then
 “ my Death was certain : I therefore resolv’d
 “ to convey into some secret Place what Mo-
 “ ney, Jewels, and Plate I could ; and dis-
 “ guising my self, retire to some Place, where
 “ I might lie conceal’d. *Achmet* my Eu-
 “ nuch, generously offer’d to attend, and
 “ conduct me to his Mother’s House, which
 “ was far from *Ispahan*, near Mount *Taurus*.
 “ I accepted willingly his Offer, and loading
 “ two Horses with what was most valuable,
 “ departed that Night, and traveling all
 “ Night and the next Day, got clear of all
 “ Pursuit.

“ So soon as I was arriv’d at Mount *Tau-*
 “ *rus*, I black’d my Face and Hands, and
 “ changed my Dress for that of a Slave ; bu-
 “ ry’d my Treasure, and resolv’d to tarry
 “ here till *Achmet* returned to *Ispahan*, and
 “ learn’d what *Maria’s* Fate was ; charging
 “ him to procure a Sight of her, if possible,
 “ and to return and tell me ; resolving if she
 “ had yielded, and was content, to cross the
 “ Mountain

“ Mountain and retire to the Desarts, and
 “ there spend my Days.

“ *Achmet* departed, and it was many Days
 “ before he return'd ; during which you may
 “ imagine the anxious thoughts that possess
 “ my Soul ; but just God, how great was
 “ my surprize when I saw him enter the
 “ House with *Maria* in his Hand ! She had
 “ a Veil on, which I throwing up to salute
 “ her, saw that she was Blind.

“ My Lord *said she*, start not at the Sight,
 “ *my Eyes* are sacrific'd to Virtue, with the
 “ loss of them I have procured your Happi-
 “ ness ; I would have done more, had Chris-
 “ tianity permitted, and would have died,
 “ but I have cheaply bought my Repose
 “ with the loss of one Sense. “Thou glorious
 “ Woman *said I*, clasping her in my Arms,
 “ what Words can express my Wonder
 “ and Affection ? Thy Virtues shine more
 “ than thy lovely Eyes did, and shall procure
 “ thee an immortal Name. ” “ I led her into
 “ my homely Chamber, refresh'd her with
 “ Wine and Food, and there she told me what
 “ had befallen her. “ I was, *said she*, brought
 “ to a noble Apartment, which you, nodoubt,
 “ have seen in the Palace : There the Eu-
 “ nuch brought two Female Slaves to me,
 “ with a Habit suiting a Queen, and depart-

" ed. The Maids drest me, whilst my Soul
 " was tortured with a thousand Apprehensi-
 " ons. I fancy'd myself preparing to be sa-
 " crificed, and almost wished I had not been
 " a Christian. When they had deck'd me
 " as they pleased, they withdrew; and soon
 " after the Emperor came in, a Man whose
 " Person and Mien was Noble and Agreeable.
 " He gazed on me some time, then took a
 " Ring of great Price from his Finger, put it
 " upon mine, and said in *Spanish*, Fair Maria,
 " you are worthy a Monarch's Bed: Fame
 " has done you wrong, and *Tanganor* was a
 " Villain to his Prince and you. I'll make
 " you Mistress of Queens, and shew you
 " what a *Persian* Monarch can bestow on
 " one he loves. Come to my Arms, and let
 " your Soul welcome mine." ' Here he
 " embraced, and almost stifled me with Kiss-
 " es; I gently strove to loose myself, and
 " and falling down at his Feet in Tears, beg'd
 " to be heard: ' " My mighty Lord, said I,
 " look not upon me with Desire, I am un-
 " worthy you, I am a wretched Maid, torn
 " from my Friends and Country, by a Villain,
 " a Robber, and by his Means now made a
 " Slave; but I am a Christian, and a Virgin,
 " and e'er I'll yield to your Desires will die.

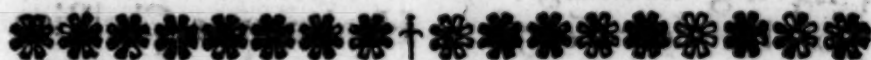
" *Tanganor*

“ *Tanganoe* is by Promise my Husband, he
 “ has vow’d to be a Christian, and to marry
 “ me; Oh! let your Bounty give me back
 “ and make me Happy, or resolve to see me
 “ die here at your Feet: I will be only his:
 “ and never yield to gratify another.” ‘Fond
 ‘ Maid, *said he*, I’ve heard too much, all
 ‘ that my Slaves possess is mine, and you are,
 ‘ and shall be so; your Virtue charms me
 ‘ more than your Eyes. Now I am resolved
 ‘ never to part with you: Force must I find
 ‘ procure me now, what your Consent shall
 ‘ afterwards secure me of.’ “ Here he took
 “ me in his Arms, and carry’d me to a rich
 “ Bed, on which he threw me; my Soul was
 “ shock’d at this, and so surprized, I soon
 “ resolv’d what to do; My Eyes shall ne-
 “ ver see my Shame, *said I*, nor more in-
 “ flame Mankind: These I offer up to Virtue,
 “ and they shall weep no more in ought but
 “ Blood. At these Words I tore my Eye-
 “ balls out, and threw them at him. I saw,
 “ no more but heard him say, *Ab cruel*
 “ *Maid, what have you done? Tanganor*,
 “ you are Happy: Had I been so fortu-
 “ nate to be beloved like you, I had been
 “ more than Mortal. *Maria*, I would give
 “ all *Persia* to restore your Sight: By *Ma-*
 “ *homet*

“ *hemet* you are more than Woman, and I
 “ will never presume to sue again for what
 “ you must deny. Tell me what I shall do
 “ to expiate my Crime.” “ Restore me to
 “ my Lord, I beg only that Grace, *said I*,
 “ and I will pray for you with my last
 “ Breath.” He answer’d, I will resign you
 “ to my Rival; but ’tis hard. Blind as you
 “ are, you charm me, and to keep my Word
 “ I must not view your Face again; go,
 “ and take care I never see you, nor *Tanga-*
 “ *nor* more, least I forget my Promise, and
 “ relapse.” ‘ Here he call’d *Bendarius*, Kist
 “ my Hands, on which I felt his falling Tears,
 “ and left me.’ ‘ I was carry’d strait back to
 ‘ your House, where *Achmet* found me sick
 ‘ of a Fever, which recovering I came with
 ‘ him; and now am Happy, if you keep
 ‘ your Faith with me. Thus *Maria* finish’d
 ‘ her sad Story; and after this I need not tell
 ‘ you I ador’d her, and there fought and
 ‘ found a Christian Monk who first Baptized
 ‘ me, and marry’d us. I then consider’d what
 ‘ Course it was best for us to steer; and re-
 ‘ solved to retire with her into this Island,
 ‘ on this side where the *Japanese* Vessels often
 ‘ call for fresh Water. I carry’d her through
 ‘ the great *Mogul’s* Dominions down to *Goa*,
 ‘ and

‘ and there we took Ship for this Island,
‘ where my Slaves which I brought with
‘ me repair’d and fitted up this House. Here
‘ I have now lived fifteen Years, and have
‘ three Children by my dear *Maria*, who
‘ keeps much in her Chamber, because of her
‘ being Blind. Once a Year I receive Let-
‘ ters from my Friends, and Returns from *my*
‘ Estate of Fruits, Spices, Cloaths, and what
‘ is wanting. The Emperor never enquired
‘ more after me, nor molested *my* House or
‘ Friends; *my* Brother manages and lives up-
‘ on *my* Estate. And thus, Gentlemen, I have
‘ related to you my unfortunate Life; and if
‘ I can assist you, command me. The Ship
‘ we expect soon, it shall carry You where
‘ You please.’ They return’d him thanks,
and he desired them to bring the Ladies. ‘ I
‘ have, *said he*, a Priest, *my* Chaplain in the
‘ House whom I brought from Goa with me,
‘ he shall *supply your spiritual Wants*, and
‘ *my* dear *Maria* shall with Joy entertain
‘ the Ladies. *My* House is large enough to
‘ receive *you all*, and it will be a great Hap-
‘ piness for us to be all together. I have
‘ often wonder’d there were no Inhabitants
‘ to be seen when I have walk’d over the
‘ Hill, but never thought it worth while to
‘ search

‘ search farther.’ Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* took leave, being impatient to inform *Teresa* and *Emilia* of the strange Discoveries they had made, and promised to return to the noble *Tanganor*’s next Morning.



CHAP. V.

IT was Noon before Don *Lopez* and the Count reached the Cottage, where they found the Ladies, to whom they related all the surprizing Adventures they had met with. ‘ and now my charming *Teresa*, (said Don *Lopez*) we may quit this dismal Place; ‘ Providence has directed us to a better, where ‘ we shall have Company and Entertainment ‘ suiting our Desires and Wants. And you, ‘ (said he to the poor *Indians*) our generous ‘ Hosts, shall be receiv’d, and if you like of it, ‘ entertain’d at ease, or return to your own ‘ Country in that Ship that will, I hope, carry you to *Japan*, and us to *Mexico*. ‘ An ‘ Universal Joy now spread itself thro’ this ‘ little Family ; Dinner was got ready, and ‘ nothing spared of what Provisions they had ‘ got. The poor *Indian* got out his Canoe ‘ in

in the Evening, to put aboard it what Wine,
 Brandy and Salt Meat they had left, they
 lay down at Night to sleep, but Don *Lopez*
 slept not at all; his Soul was transported,
 having nothing in view but the Possession
 of his dear *Teresa*: He knew a Christian
 Priest was at *Tanganor's*, and resolv'd to
 press her to make him happy. At break
 of Day they all rose, and set out for *Tan-*
ganor's, the poor *Indian* and her Children
 laden with the Mean Furniture their Cot-
 tage afforded; which they couldnot consent
 to leave behind them. Don *Lopez* and the
 Count emptied the rich Chest that belong-
 ed to Don *Lopez*, and fearing to venture it
 in the Canoe, carry'd all the Plate, Money,
 and Cloaths that were in it, with them,
 the Ladies assisting. In some Hours, resting
 often in the way, they arriv'd at *Tanga-*
nor's, who receiv'd them curteously, with
 Father *Augustin*, his Chaplain, a Man whose
 humble Appearance, and affable Behaviour
 spoke his Virtues; he embraced, and wel-
 comed them with great Tendernefs and
 taking the Ladies by the Hand, said,
 "Come my Children, I will lead you to a
 Lady, who tho' blind, shall welcome you;
 and one whose Virtues You may be proud
 to

“ to Imitate.’ *Tanganor* Conducting the Gentlemen, they all went to the Ladies Apartment, whom they found sitting in a Chair with her three Children seated on little Stools by her: Her Son who was then about eight Years old, was reading a holy Meditation for the Morning; whilst the two little Girls, *Maria* and *Leonora*, were at work. *Tanganor* inform’d her of the Ladies being there, whose Story he had told her the Night before she rose to salute them saying, ‘ Ladies, ‘ excuse me, if I pay respect to the younger ‘ first, since I cannot see you. My Soul rejoices at the arrival of such Company; tho’ ‘ I cannot see the Light, yet I can relish the ‘ Charms of Conversation.’ Here *Teresa* and *Emilia* embraced her, admiring her Beauty which could not be altogether eclipsed by the black Ribbond that cover’d her Eyelids; her Shape, her Features and Complexion, were incomparable. ‘ Madam, said *Teresa*, I wonder not that an Eastern Monarch adored you; you are still so lovely, that your Lord may justly account himself supremely happy in the possession of such a Wife. The want of Sight adds to your Charms, and causes us to love and admire you, even before we ‘ converse with you.’ *Emilia* join’d in her Praises;

44 HEROICK VIRTUE Or,

Praises; and, in fine, the Lady put an end to the Discourse, by begging them to accept of a Breakfast with her which was brought in. They past the Day with much Pleasure: In the Evening *Don Lopez*, who had privately acquainted Father *Augustin* with his Design, taking *Teresa* by the Hand, led her aside into a Room, where he thus address'd himself to her:

‘ Charming *Teresa*, God has been pleas'd to
 ‘ preserve and bring us together, in a won-
 ‘ derful manner; I know that you are not
 ‘ insensible or ignorant of my Passion for you,
 ‘ nay I even hope that you love me;
 ‘ do not longer, Charming Maid; defer to
 ‘ make me happy. Here is a Priest to join
 ‘ us; give to my Arms and Care, that Person
 ‘ that my Soul adores and loves above all
 ‘ earthly Things. 'Tis I must guard and car-
 ‘ ry You to *Mexico* again. Tho' you are
 ‘ very Young yet You are of Years to Mar-
 ‘ ry. Fate has decreed you mine, keep me
 ‘ no longer languishing; but crown my
 ‘ Hopes, and yield to Heaven's Will, who
 ‘ brought me safely to you.' Here he em-
 braced her tenderly; she blush'd and answer'd,
 “ *Don Lopez*, you shall be happy. Tho'
 “ with much confusion I consent to make
 “ you Master of *Teresa's* Heart and Hand,
 “ do

“ do as you please: If we must perish on
 “ the Sea, or wander in strange Lands, 'tis
 “ better we should be Marry'd and my Ho-
 “ nour so secured, than to be still but Friends.
 “ I own your Merit, and confess I love you.
 He clasp'd her in his Arms transported, led
 her to the Priest, who that joyful Night per-
 form'd the Ceremony, making Don *Lopez*
 blest as Man could be. And now for some
 Days they past their time in Pleasure, *Tanga-*
nor diverted them with Hunting, Fishing,
 and shew'd them many curious Caves, and
Pagan Oratories which yet remain'd on the
 Island. At last the Ship arriv'd from *Japan*
 bringing much Goods, as rich *Persia* Silks,
 Cotton, Linnen, Spices, Fruit, Sugar, Tea,
 Chocolate, Liquors, live Fowls of several kinds
 for breed, tame Beasts, and all things want-
 ing. *Tanganor* with these treated and made
 Presents to his Guests of what they wanted:
 And the Ship being to return to *Japan*, he
 propos'd to them what to do. They resolv'd
 to go to *Mexico* with the Ship, which be-
 ing now unloaded, might easily go thither
 before it returned to *Japan*; so taking their
 Leaves, the Count and Don *Lopez*, with their
 Wives, departed, leaving the poor *Indians*,
 who chose to live with *Tanganor*. The
 Wind

Wind sitting fair they soon arriv'd at *Mexico*, where they found the Governor, *Don Lopez's* Father, gone for *Spain*, being recall'd, and *Don Sancho de Avilla*, *Teresa's* Father, they found very sick; the Loss of her, having thrown him into a deep Melancholy, and lingering Fever, of which he never perfectly recovered, but in less than a Year's time he died leaving a large Estate to his Daughter *Teresa*. In a short time after, the Governor being gone, his Son *Don Lopez* resolved to go home to *Spain*, in order to which he sold off all his Effects, and Lands, taking Bills on Merchants at *Barcelona*; and with *Teresa*, the Count *de Hautville*, and *Emilia* who desired to accompany him, designing to go to *France* from *Spain*, went on board a *Spanish* Ship with much Riches, and set sail for *Spain*. They had good Weather and a prosperous Voyage many Days, but when they came near the Enterance of the Straits of *Gibraltar*, the Wind began to blow hard, and drove them on the Coast of *Barbary*. Here two Pirates of *Algier* came up with them, and soon gave them to understand who they were, by firing at them, and summoning them to surrender; they made all the Defence they were able, but, alas! the Ship was heavy laden,

laden, their Hands and Guns few: However, the Captain was very Brave, and Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* assisting, they resisted the *Turks*, till such times as the grappling Irons having hold of the Vessel the cruel Infidels boarded it, and enter'd in such numbers as obliged the poor Christians to retire into the great Cabin, which the *Turks* broke into Sword in Hand. The Captain was kill'd before upon the Deck, both the young Lords wounded, the Seamen mostly Dead, or dying, so that none were left but the two helpless Ladies, and their wounded Husbands, whom they held bleeding in their Arms, and a poor Boy who stood weeping by. The poor affrighted Ladies fell on their Knees, imploring the Infidels Pity: their Beauty pleaded more than all they could say in their Favour. The *Turkish* Captains raised them from the Ground, gazing on their charming Faces; and having given orders to their Men to plunder the Ship of what was most valuable, and bringing her into *Algier*, they ordered them and their Husbands to be brought on board one of their Ships, where *Achmet Barbarosa* who commanded the biggest received them, ordering the Lords Wounds to be dress'd by his Surgeon; and entertain'd the Ladies with

with much Civility, and seeming Compassion. *Teresa* was big with Child, and so disorder'd with the Fright, that Don *Lopez* was in the utmost Concern for her.

IN few Hours they landed at *Algier*, and were conducted to *Barbarosa's* House together, and lodged in an Appartment, where he left them to go to the Governor of *Algier*, to acquaint him with the rich Prize he had taken, and to offer him what Share he pleas'd of the Slaves and Plunder. Our unfortunate Traveliers thus left alone, Don *Lopez* was the first that broke the Melancholy Silence, that till then reigned amongst them.

‘ Charming *Teresa*, said he, my Joy, my
 ‘ Love, my All, soon shall we be parted;
 ‘ all my hopes of Happiness are ended; your
 ‘ Youth and Beauty now will cost my Life
 ‘ and your Repose; You will be ravished from
 ‘ me by some powerful Infidel, who will adore
 ‘ your Charms, and force to his curst Em-
 ‘ braces.’ *Teresa*, drown'd in Tears fell upon
 his Neck, and could not speak. Then the
 Count, whom loss of Blood had render'd faint,
 and scarce able to speak, looking on *Emilia*;
 ‘ My Dear, said he, do you hear this unmov'd
 ‘ what may your wretched Husband hope?
 ‘ can you consent and live another's? No,
 ‘ my

‘ my dear Lord *said she*, you know me better; my Soul is prepared for all Events, and I will die rather than live a Vassal to a vile *Mahometan*’s unlawful Lust.’ ‘ And so will I answer’d the reviving *Teresa*. Fear nothing, brave *Emilia*, we’ll go together, trusting in that God who is able to preserve our Souls and Bodies. Slaves we are doubtless doom’d to be, but our Minds can’t be confined; our Lives we must not end with our own Hands but may resist all sinful Acts till Life and Sense be lost.’

AT these Words a Servant enter’d the Room, a Renegado *Spaniard*, wicked as Hell, and one who renouncing Christianity, had endeared himself to the Governor of *Algier*, and was by him made Rich, and used by him for his beastly Pleasure: he told the Ladies in *Spanish*, they must go with him to the Governor; and you Gentlemen, *said he*, must prepare to go in a Litter that will presently be here, to carry You to his Country Seat, where you may recover Your Health, and Write to your Friends to send what Ransom shall be required for You. At these Words the brave Don *Lopez* rose, and Clasping *Teresa* in his Arms, reply’d ‘ Vile Slave de-
H ‘ part

‘ part before these Hands stop Your damn’d
‘ Voice, and rend You in Pieces : I will
‘ die, Apostate Villain, before I will part
‘ with her ; my Arms shall grasp her even in
‘ Death, and bleis the Hand that kills us to-
‘ gether.’ The Count *de Hautville* stood
‘ before *Emilia* ; they had no Swords or
‘ Arms of any kind to defend themselves.
The Slave as if amaz’d, departed the Room,
shutting the Door fast after him, but soon
return’d with a Band of Soldiers, who rush-
ing in, seiz’d the Ladies and Lords, giving
them no time to speak to one another. They
led, or rather drag’d, *Teresa* and *Emilia*
through the Streets to the Governors Pa-
lace, and there secured them ; their Arms
pinion’d, they tyed them to two Pillars in the
Hall, and so retired to the Gate. Mean time
the Lords were bound Hand and Foot, and
thrown into a Cart, and drove to a Country
House of the Governor’s, forty Miles from
the City ; there they were carry’d into a spa-
cious Room, and chain’d to the Floor by the
Leg ; a Mattress and Quilts lay there upon
the Boards, on which they might lie down.
Here they had Food and Wine brought them,
for the *Turks* guessed by the vast Treasure
they found in the Ship, and their Habit, that
they

they were Persons of Quality, and therefore fear'd to lose their Ransoms if they kill'd or starved them. They refused to eat two Days, but the third, Hunger compell'd them to it. Thus they remain'd some Days, in the most disconsolate Condition that ever Men were in; where we must leave them to enquire what became of *Teresa*, and *Emilia*.

THE Renegado *Roderigo* giving an account to the Governor of what was past, and of the Ladies Arrival, he soon enter'd the Hall with Captain *Barbarosa*, to whom he had promised to give her he least liked; but he beheld them with Admiration, seem'd divided in himself, not knowing which to chuse. He was a Man of an excellent Shape and Stature, his Mien Great and Majestic, his Vest and Tunick were made of Cloth of Gold, his Turbant glitter'd with Jewels, Diamonds, Rubies and Emeralds, which seem'd to emulate each other; in fine he was not much above thirty, and was one of the most beautiful and accomplish'd Men of his Nation, which I mention out of respect to those unfortunate Ladies, whose Virtues are to be the more admired in resisting the passionate Sollicitations of such a Man. *Teresa's* Youth, and the charming Innocence that blooms in
 Virgins

Virgins Faces at Fourteen, which she had not lost by being a Wife, wonderfully struck him; Grief added to her Charms, her down-cast Eyes received new Fires when lifted up. He gazed upon her with such Transport, that had not the Captain who was inflamed with her Beauty reminded him of *Emilia*, he had fixed on *Teresa*; but turning to the other, he was doubly wounded: Her riper Charms, with the Heroick Soul that sparkled in her Eyes, a second time inflamed his Soul, and he could part with neither. ‘*Barbarosa said*’
 ‘*he*, I must have both these lovely Women,
 ‘name the Price, and make some other
 ‘Choice, these must be mine.’ The Captain murmur’d but seeing he was obstinate, he dared not tempt his Fate, but told him they were at his Service. The Governor pleased, strait order’d him two hundred Pieces of Gold; so he departed horribly vexed, and meditating Revenge. Then the Governor order’d the Ladies to be unbound, and placed in two different Chambers, with Slaves to watch and attend them. Here the Trunks of rich Habits they had brought from *Mexico*, were, to their great Surprise, brought and presented to them; nothing being taken from them by the Governor’s order.

NOTHING

NOTHING was more dreadful to these Ladies than this Separation; they both refused to eat or drink, and by Night were so faint, that they were scarce able to stand. About ten a Clock in the Evening a Supper was brought into *Teresa's* Chamber; and soon after the Governor enter'd, the Renegado waited on him, retired to the Door which he shut, and stood without: The Governor seeing her look pale as Death, sitting unmoved, approached her with much Tenderness, fearing she had taken up some fatal Resolution to destroy her self: He kiss'd her Hands, kneeled at her Feet and intreated her to rise and eat. He courted her with all the Eloquence Love can inspire, to which she gave no Answer but Sighs and Tears; at last she look'd upon him earnestly: ' Governor, *said she*, you plead in vain; I'm ' deaf to all Intreaties, and can never yield ' to gratify you. I am marry'd and with ' Child by a noble Husband, whom I am ' bound to love, and for whom I will pre- ' serve my Person, nor ever will I consent ' to your Desires; nor will I ever eat again, ' till you have freed me from this Place: Re- ' solve therefore to see me die, or generously ' set me at Liberty. Do not attempt to force ' me,

' me, leaft I do ſome dreadful Deed, and fill
 ' your Soul with endleſs Remorſe.' Here
 ſhe fell at his Feet, and let fall a ſhower of
 Tears, then fainted. This touch'd his Soul,
 and made him relent; tho' a *Mahometan*,
 he was Generous, and Compaſſionate. He
 took her in his Arms and poured Wine in-
 to her Mouth, and with much Difficulty
 brought her to Life again. Then ſhe re-
 new'd her Complaints; to which he reply'd,
 ' Charming, Matchleſs Woman, where Virtue
 ' Beauty, Wit, and every Grace conſpires to
 ' captivate my Soul! too happy he who
 ' calls you his. Fly not from me to Death;
 ' but give me leave to wait upon, and merit
 ' your Eſteem, but by all a Lover can per-
 ' form. I'll never uſe baſe Force, but Pray-
 ' ers and Sighs ſhall thaw your Breſt, and
 ' *Selim* will be your eternal Slave. To prove
 ' I'm ſo, this Night I'll leave you to Repoſe,
 ' and not preſume to urge you farther.' He
 kiſt her Hand, and opening a Door, with-
 drew into another Room. Then a *Blackmore*
 Maid enter'd, and folding down the Bed,
 made Signs to her to undreſs; which ſhe fear-
 ing to do, tho' in great want of Sleep, reſuſed
 and only lay down upon it. The Maid left
 a Candle burning, and withdrew, ſhutting the
 Door

Door after her. Soon after *Teresa* heard *Emilia*'s Voice in the next Room, with *Selim*; and hearkening, heard him say, 'Are you
' then cruel like *Teresa*? You are more ex-
' perience and more ripe for Joy: Come,
' come, trifle not with me; I'm resolved to
' possess you, and will not be deny'd. She
heard a Noise, and then *Emilia* said, 'Villain
' I fear you not, I'll sacrifice you to preserve
' my Virtue; die Infidel, and tell your blas-
' phemous Prophet, when you come to Hell,
' a Christian spilt your Blood.' Then she
heard a dismal Groan, and soon after *Emilia*
enter'd the Chamber, with a look that be-
spoke the Terrors of her Mind, and the
strange Deed her Hands had done. She had
Selim's Habit on, and in her Hand a Woman
Slave, 'Disguise yourself in this, said she, my
' dear *Teresa*, and follow me; with this I'll
' free us both or die.' Here she drew forth
a bloody Dagger *Selim* wore. *Teresa* trem-
bling put the Habit on, and follow'd her:
They past thro' the Chamber *Emilia* came
out of, for *Teresa*'s Chamber-Door was lock'd
and there she saw *Selim* lying on the Bed,
weltering in his Blood. They found another
Door; opening which, they descended a pair
of Back-stairs, and enter'd a Garden, in which
the

the Renegado *Roderigo* was diverting himself with one of his Master's fair Slaves: He started and came boldly up to them, doubtless suspecting something; but *Emilia* stabbing him, prevented any Noise; the Woman he was sporting with, having retired the Moment they appear'd. They forced open the Garden-gate, and not knowing where to go, hasted out of the Town, nor stop'd till they had reached the Fields. Here they wander'd, ready to die for want of Food and Rest. At last unable to go farther, they sat down under a Tree in a Wood, and consulted what to do; they supposed they should be pursued, and if taken, surely put to Death. *Teresa*, whose Courage was not equal to *Emilia's*, was almost ready to despair; and she seem'd so dispirited, that *Emilia* used all her Eloquence to comfort her. My dear Friend, *said she*, look up to Heaven that never fails to succour the distress'd: The God that this Day strengthen'd my feeble Arm to deliver us, will, I doubt not, send us Help. Death is the worst that can befall us, and that is only what we are born to suffer, and what no human Power can shield us from; nay what we ought to meet with Joy, since we have an eternal State in view, that shall

shall compensate for all the Miseries we suffer here. Since no Guilt does wound our Consciences, we need not fear to die, or dread all our human Enemies can inflict upon us. Come cheer up, and strive to go yet farther from that hateful City, which we are fled from ; perhaps some hospitable Cottage may receive and shelter us. * At these Words *Teresa* cast a dying look upon her. Alas, *said she*, my Dear, my Faith is stronger than my Body, tho' not so great as yours ; I cannot rise, my trembling Limbs are now unable to bear my Weight and if no Help be sent us soon, then I must lay down the tedious Burthen of Life in this sad Place, and leave you. * Here she fainted. At this Instant *Emilia* heard a rustling amongst the Trees, and looking behind her, saw a young Man of about 20 Years of Age, whose handsome Face and Shape surprized her ; he had on the Habit of a Slave ; he came down from the Tree they were sitting under ; he approached her with much Respect, and in *French*, which he had heard them converse in. He was by Birth a *Venetian*, as the sequel of this History will inform us, and address himself to her in this Manner : Madam, be
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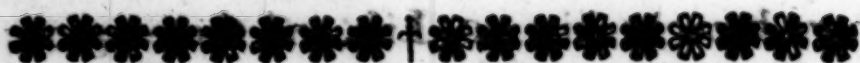
not surprized that I have overheard you: I am joyful to tell you, it is in my power to serve you. I am Servant to a Widow-Woman who lives not far from this Place, to whose Husband it was my good Fortune to be sold; she by my Means has embraced the Christian Faith, tho' we keep it a Secret: She gets her Living, and mine, by making Turbants and Embroidery, which I carry home to our Customers, and the Shops. We live very comfortably, and I am certain if you will give me leave to conduct you to her, she will receive you kindly, for she is a Person of great Goodness. *Emilia* gladly accepted his Offer, and they lifting up *Teresa*, who was scarce alive, led her along to the Widow's House, which was just behind the Wood. The Slave, whose Name was *Antonio*, gave his Mistress a brief Account of their Condition: She embraced and welcomed them bringing out Meat and Drink; with which they were refreshed, they related to her the cause and manner of their Escape from the City; upon which she advised them to change their Cloaths, since they would surely discover them: But when *Emilia* came to pull off her Turbant and Vest, she was amazed to see the rich Jewels it was adorn'd with: In the Pocket

Pocket of the Vest she found 100 *Sultana's* of Gold, the Buttons were Diamonds. They blest God for this Treasure which would enable them to live here, and procure them Means to escape hence together. They immediately cut the Cloaths in Pieces, which served to make the Caps of the Turbants; and the Jewells they rip'd off, and hid in a Box in the Ground, resolving *Antonio* should dispose of a few of them at a Time, as they had occasion, to the *Jews*, many of whom the Widow-Woman work'd for in Embroidery, particularly in rich Belts which they traded with to *Spain* and other parts of *Europe*. The good Widow whose Name was *Seraja*, brought them mean *Turkish* Habits, such as she wore, saying, Ladies you must now conceal your Quality and Beauty with this homely Dressing, and pass for young Maids whom I have bought to assist me in my work. *Teresa*, who was much joy'd at this unexpected good Fortune, reply'd, embracing her, I will assist you, *said she*, in working with all my Heart; we both know how to use our Needles. A Bed was laid for them in *Seraja's* Chamber after the *Turkish* Manner, that is, a Carpet was spread upon the Floor, on which were laid a Quilt, Blankets, Sheets and
Coverlids

Coverlids : And now had they known what had become of their Lords, they had been tolerably easy. *Antonio* set out for the City the next Morning, to learn what News he could, and return'd at Night with this Account : I am, *said he*, acquainted with a Christian Boy, who is Slave to the Governor: I walk'd two or three Times before the House to watch his coming out ; at last I saw him come sweating up the Street with a Surgeon ; I winked at him as he past by, he return'd the Sign and enter'd : I waited not long, before he came out again : *Lorenzo*, said I, can't we drink a Dish of Coffee together this Morning ? I am obliged to wait for some Money, one of my Mistress's Customers owes her, and therefore have an Hour to spare ; which if you can, we will pass together. Lord, *said he*, our House is all in Confusion ; my Master bought two Christian Women Yesterday, one of whom has this Night wounded him cruelly, and left him weltering in his Blood upon the Bed ; our Renegado *Roderigo* they have likewise kill'd, as we suppose, for we found him dead in the Garden, and they are escaped. Hearing some dismal Groans in the Night, I enter'd the Room, and found my Master in this Condition ;

on ; so I raised my Fellow-Servants, and we have brought him to Life, and the Surgeon has some hopes of his Recovery. We inform'd him the Women were fled, but he commanded us to make no search after them. He praised their Virtue, and seem'd to pity them, saying he wish'd their Happiness, and commended their Courage. I asked *Lorenzo* whom these Women belong'd to? He said he did not know. So I suppose none but *Roderigo* knew any thing of your Lords. Thus ended *Antonio*.

HERE the Ladies remain'd undisturb'd seven Months, never stirring abroad but in the dusk of the Evenings, when they walked only in the Wood. Mean while *Antonio* often enquired of *Lorenzo* for News, but heard none. Several Ships sail'd for *Europe* in this Time ; but the Ladies resolv'd not to leave *Barbary*, 'till they heard of their Husbands. We shall therefore leave them at the Widow's, and proceed to give an Account of what befell the unfortunate *Don Lopez*, and the Count *de Hautville*.



C H A P. VI.

THE two Lords being Chain'd, as has been before recited, had no hops of getting their Liberty: They had writ, the one to *France*, the other to *Spain*, to their Friends, of whom they knew not who might be living: But alas! the Sum demanded was very great; and the Time they must wait, before it was possible for them to receive any Answer from either of those Places, so long, that there were little Hopes of their living to receive it. But these Considerations were nothing grievous to them, in respect of those relating to *Emilia* and *Teresa*; their Ignorance of their condition, and distracting Apprehensions of their Ruin, almost overcame their Reason and Christianity: They were both sick with Grief, and incapable of comforting one another. But Providence, that saw their Wrongs, at length provided a Way for their Deliverance: A fair Virgin, who was a Slave to the Governor, waited on a Mistress of his, whom he having enjoy'd, slighted, and had sent to this his Country-House,

House, where she had now been two Years : This Girl, who was then but twelve Years old, often came into the Chamber where these poor Gentlemen were confin'd, to bring them Tea and Coffee from her Lady ; who, having had a Sight of them, admired *Don Lopez*, and therefore ventur'd to do something to oblige him. This pretty Girl they ask'd some Questions of ; as what Country she was of, what Religion. She told them, she was a *Venesian*, that her Mistress was the same ; that they both were brought there by Misfortunes, but seem'd shy of saying more. One Evening she enter'd the Room, followed by a Lady, in a *Turkish* Dress exceeding rich ; she was about five and twenty, her Shape and Mein was enchanting ; her Face so lovely, that it would have charm'd the most Insensible : A Cloud of Blushes overspread her Face, and her Disorder was such for some Minutes, that she could not speak. The Count and *Don Lopez*, whose Weakness and Chains hinder'd them from rising, to pay her the Civilities due to her Sex, bow'd their Heads and kept Silence also, expecting her to tell the Business that brought her there. At last she spoke to them thus in *French* : Is it possible, that the cruel Governor can be so void

void of Humanity to treat you thus barbarously? Can he see such noble Persons as you appear to be perish in Chains, and not relent? Tho' I risque my Life to do it, charming Strangers, I will free you. But continued she, addressing herself to Don *Lopez*, may I hope to find you grateful? Will you give her a Place in your Heart, who gives you Life and Liberty? Will you preserve her Life, who is determin'd to save yours? With you I am resolv'd to live or die. Speak then, for Time is precious, and deserve my Love, or Hate. Don *Lopez*, was too well skill'd in the fair Sex, not to perfectly understand this Lady's Meaning; and since no other Means but this was left to free them, wisely conceal'd his being pre-engag'd. Nay, doubtless he was not incensible of *Eleonora's* Charms for so was the Lady named; he was a Man, and tho' he was entirely devoted to *Teresa*, yet as Man he could oblige a Hundred more: Life is sweet, and I hope my Reader will not condemn him for what his own Sex must applaud in Justification of themselves: For what brave, handsome young Gentleman would refuse a beautiful Lady, who loved him, a Favour? He bowed with a look full of Love and Gratitude, saying, Liberty, which
in

in itself is the greatest Blessing Man can possess, join'd with so great a Good as your Favour, who would refuse? Your Charms would even render Confinement supportable; a Dungeon with such a Companion would be pleasant: Shew me the Way to Freedom, and it shall be the Study of my Life to make you happy: I will defend you to the last Drop of my Blood. At these Words he grasped her Knees and sigh'd. Poor *Eleonora* suffer'd herself to be deceived, and thought of nothing but being happy with the Man she loved. The Count *de Hantville* was amazed at *Don Lopez's* Proceedings; his Soul was Constant and Noble, and would have refused a Life offer'd on so hard Terms as the breach of his Faith to his lovely *Emilia*. But his Years were more than his Friend's and his Temper more sedate. The sweet Girl *Anna* fetched Wine and Sweet-Meats to them. *Eleonora* sat down by them, eat, and suffer'd *Don Lopez* to kiss her Hands, and say a hundred tender Things to her. They appointed Midnight for their Escape, when she promised to bring them Files to take off their Fetters, and Disguises to put on to prevent all Discovery. She had provided a Place for them to retire to also, near the Sea

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side:

side: She had by this Means when she was first a darling Mistress to the Governor, prevail'd with him to free a Slave whom she fancy'd; it was a Young *Black* whom her Father had purchased when a Child, of a Captain, and given her, and being taken with her in the Ship she was taken in, by an *Algerine* Pirate, living some Time with her at the Governor's, his Name was *Attabala*. The Governor at her Request gave him a little House and Garden, which he used in the Summer to repair to for his Pleasure, to fish on the Sea-coast, and take the Evening Air on the Water in his Pleasure boat. This Place he gave to *Attabala* to live in, and take care of; and it being now Winter, there was no fear of his going thither, In this Slave she could confide; to him she had declared her Design the Day before, as he often came to see his dear Mistress, bringing her little Presents of Fish and Fruits, as grateful Acknowledgements of the Favour she had done him. From this Place it would be no difficult Matter for them to escape to some Christian Ship or Port. Having stay'd with them two Hours, she retired; and then the Count enter'd into Talk with Don *Lopez* in this Manner: My dear Friend, Heaven seems
now

now to smile upon us, a gleam of Hope appears to comfort us; but tell me, was it well done to dissemble? Are you changed; Is your Wife forgot? and the sacred matrimonial Vows no longer valued? Excuse me if I blame you; let nothing make you buy our Liberty with a Crime; it is better to die here, than live with Heaven's Displeasure. Don *Lopez* blushing, reply'd, forgive my Weakness; I do not mean to proceed farther than an innocent Deceit, *Teresa* is always present with me: But had I refused this Lady's Offer rudely we had, perhaps, been here detain'd and murder'd; and then *Teresa* and *Emilia* never can be rescued from the Villain that robbed us of them. Be satisfy'd therefore, that I have acted prudently, and not design'd amiss. The Count was then contented, and now the joyful Hour approached, when Darkness and Sleep had lull'd the busy World to rest; *Eleonora* came with *Anna* loaden with Jewels, Gold, and Cloths; they quickly filed their Fetters off, and found the faithful *Attabala* at some Distance from the House, with three Horses, swift *Barbaries*, that run fleet as the Wind; on two of these the Lords mounted, Don *Lopez* taking the Lady and the Count the Girl behind him; the

the *Black* riding the other Horse led the Way, with which he was perfectly acquainted: In few Hours just at Day-break, they reached the House, and being safely lodged, began to taste the Pleasures of Liberty. Next Day the Governor who was recover'd, was inform'd by the Servants, that remain'd in the Country-House, of the Lords Flight: But he had that Night receiv'd an Order from the Emperor to repair to *Fex*, to take a Command in the Army, to which he was determin'd to send him. This took up all his Thoughts, so that he took little Notice of their Escape; and, as they afterwards learn'd, he never return'd to *Algier*, but dy'd in the Army of a Fever. And now Don *Lopez* had an Opportunity to enquire who *Eleonora* was, and the fatal Accident that brought her to this Place. He treated her with such Respect and Affection, that he could ask nothing of her, but what she was ready to grant. One Morning as the Count and *Anna*, whom *Eleonora* now treated as her Friend, letting her lie with her, as became a Person who was indeed her Equal, were conversing together, Don *Lopez* intreated her to relate the Adventures of her Life. Yes, my Lord, said she, I will, provided *Anna*,

na, and you Gentlemen, will do the same; for she would never let me know who she was, tho' a *Venetian* as well as I. *Anna* reply'd *Madam*, whilst I was a Slave I was not willing to be known: Now I shall take Pleasure to entertain you with a Story. full of strange Adventures. Then *Elionora* began in this manner.



C H A P. VII.

I Was born at *Friuli*, a Place situate on the *Adriatick* Sea, in the *Venetian* Dominions; my Father was a wealthy Merchant, in the City of *Aquilegia*; he had no Child but me by my Mother, who was his second Wife, and the Daughter of a noble *Venetian*. He had two Sons by a former Wife, who loved me not, because my Father seem'd to prefer me in his Affection before them; all his Ambition was to see me well dispos'd of during his Life. I was also very apprehensive that my Brothers, if he died before I was marry'd, would clap me up in a Convent, to get my Fortune, and be reveng'd upon me. The great Portion he offer'd with me, with
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the tolerable Person the World thought me, procured me many Admirers, as soon, or before I was of any Age to marry. Amongst these, there was a Kinsman of my Mother's, the eldest Son of a *Venetian* Senator, whom the Custom and Laws of that State will not permit to marry out of a noble Family, became much enamour'd with me; His Name was Signior *Andrea Zantonio*. He secretly courted me, my Mother and Father giving Encouragement; my Heart soon yielded, and I gave him the proference above all others. I was about fourteen, and it was resolved that we should be privately marry'd at a Country-Seat of my Father's. These Proceedings could not be kept so secret, but that the Servants were some of them privy to them. Amongst my Lovers, there was a rich Ceptain of a Ship, who had cast his Eyes upon me in my Infancy, and was one of the first that entertain'd me with Discourses of Love; he was in Years, and I treated him with Ill Nature, and indeed could not endure him: Yet he persisted, till at length I used him so Ill, that he concluded I had made choise of another, and made it his Business to find out who was the fortunate Man: In order to which, he gain'd my Maid, who waited upon me,

me, by Bribes to discover all to him. She inform'd him from time to time of Signior *Andrea Zantonio's* courting me, and all that past. His Business obliged him to be often absent on Voyages to *Spain*, and elsewhere; and he arrived but the Day before my intended Wedding, of which being inform'd, he resolv'd to prevent it if possible. He therefore went to Signior *Andrea's* Father and acquainted him with the ill News, promising if he would assist him, he would prevent it; which he soon agreed to do, being much enrag'd at his Son. The Captain desired three or four Men to aid him, which he immediately procur'd him, sending four Ruffians disguised along with him; with these he lay in Ambuscade, in the Way which we was to pass to my Father's Country-House, where Signior *Andrea* was to come to us the next Morning, not thinking it proper to go with us. There were none in the Coach but my Father, Mother, and me; two Men-Servants riding before the Coach, and my poor *Black* was behind it: As we past by the Wood, the Captain and his Crew bolted out upon us, with Vizards upon their Faces, and Pistols in their Hands; they stopp'd the Coach, and tore me out of it, whilst my Mother shriek-

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ed, my Father storm'd, and one of the Servants going to lay hold of me, was shot dead. They fled with me into the thickest part of the Wood, where they bound and gagg'd me. the poor *Black Attabala*, who has now helped to deliver you, being very nimble of Foot, pursued me, and running after them, came up crying just as they were binding my Hands. They seized and bound him also; then they placed us before two of them on Horseback, and made for the Sea-side; where being soon arriv'd, we found a Boat ready, into which one of them enter'd, we were next lifted in by the Seamen that row'd it; and then the four Villains that assisted in taking us, cry'd, Farewel, and rode off. The Captain taking off his Vizard so soon as we were put from the Shore, discover'd to me the Author of my Misfortunes. Madam, *said he*, I have you see done a bold Deed to manifest my Love, and secure you to my self; fear nothing more, you are now in the Hands of a Man that adores you, and it is your own fault if you are not happy. I could not answer being gagg'd; but the Disorder of my Mind cannot be express'd. I saw my self in the Hands of a Man I hated, and no Way left to Escape. I was ten Times more
sensible

sensible of the Loss of him I loved, than I could have before Imagin'd. My Soul shivered at the Thoughts of what was to follow. I could nomore hope to see my Country and Friends, for thither it was not to be suppos'd this Villain would ever venture to bring me again, at least not in some Years. I was tortured with a thousand such dismal Apprehensions, when I saw the Ship which lay by to receive us. He took me up in his loath'd Arms, and with the Seamens Assistance, tho' I struggled, put me on Board. *Attabala* and I were presently unbound, and now I began to expostulate with *Alphonso*, for that was the Captain's Name. What do you propose, *said I*, in taking me thus by force against my Inclination? do you vainly imagine to be happy with me, whilst I hate and detest you, and view you as the only Cause of my being wretched? Never will I pardon or love you, unless you carry me back to my Fathers. I will make you as miserable as myself, and never suffer you to rest whilst I'm with you. I always disliked you, but now my Aversion is confirm'd, and I would prefer the most vile Wretch on Earth before you. Rage on *said he*, fond Girl; whilst I possess you, you shall be mine, and only Death can

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free

free you from me. Here he suddenly kiss'd and embrac'd me: You shall said he this Night marry me, that I may have a lawful Title to you, and you have nothing to reproach me. I will not be a ravisher, but having secured your Person, and your Honour, take what will then be my Due. No Villain, *I reply'd*, my Tongue shall never call you Husband; I would sooner suffer hot Pincers to rend it from the Root than speak those Words, or answer to such a Question. Silence, *said he*, does give Consent, and I shall not want Witnesses to prove our Marriage. Here he went out of the Cabin, and left me in the extremest Grief and Despair. Poor *Attabala* comforted me the best he could, offering to risque his Life to kill him; but I regarded nothing he said to me.

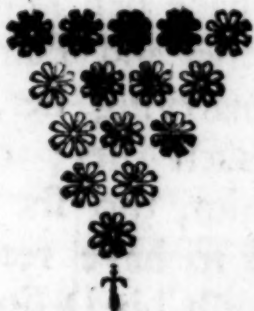
It was now Night, and very dark; I heard the Winds blow, and a mighty Disorder and Noise upon Deck, the Captain storm'd and call'd loudly to the Seamen in Terms I did not understand; he came twice down into the Cabin kiss'd me and said, Madam, 'tis a rough Night, but fear nothing. Yet I read a concern in his Face that bespoke our Danger. I cannot say that I was much terrify'd with the thoughts of Death, because at that instant
I was

I was apprehensive of something worse. I recommended myself to God, and calmly expected the Event of his good Pleasure. Before Day the Ship had lost her Masts, and most part of her Rigging; she was so shatter'd that nothing but getting to some Shore, or meeting with some Ship, could save us. We were now drove in sight of *Barbary*, when a Ship coming up, our Ship's Crew hailed her. She soon came near, and lay by, hoisting *French* Colours. The Captain sent his Boat aboard, but to their Surprize they were all clap'd under Hatches, it proving a Pirate Ship of *Algier*. The Captain wonder'd the Boat stay'd, but at last seeing the Ship bear up to us, he suspected the Truth. He would have made some Defence, but the Ship was disabled; so he hastily caught up his Sword, and mounting the Deck was there met by a crowd of Pirates, who had boarded the Ship: He was soon dispatch'd, and his Men all kill'd, or taken. I remained with poor *Attabala* in the Cabin all this while, and was so lost in thought, I was scarce apprehensive of my danger: When the *Algerine* Captain entered the Cabin, with his Men, they took me and convey'd me into the Pirate Ship, rifled ours, and set her adrift. They put me into the
great

great Cabin with *Attabala*, and in few Hours we came to *Barbary*, landed at *Algier*; and the next Morning *Ibrahim* the Captain presented me to the Governor. What my Thoughts were, and how I exprest my Sorrows under all these Misfortunes, would be too tedious to tell you. Infine, the Governor treated me kindly, pretended to love me passionately, and forced me to his Bed; after which he deny'd me nothing, purchased and freed *Attabala* at my Request; and for eight Years, tho, he had many other new Mistresses, gave me the preference, and loved me with the same Ardour as at the first. He reproached me often that I brought him no Child, which Providence no doubt did not think fit to give us: At last a *French* Lady, of incomparable Beauty, was presented him, and she brought him a Son the first Year of their Acquaintance. This caused him to grow Cold on me, which I resenting, we quarrell'd; so he sent me away to the Place you found me in. There I mourn'd my Misfortunes with a Christian Sorrow, and never thought to see the World again. Here I and my dear *Anna* came together; she was purchased by him a Month before I left him, and I beg'd her of him to keep me Company. Thus have
I given

I given you a true Narrative of my Misfortunes; and now Don *Lopez* if we reach a Christian Shore again, and you prove grateful I may yet live to be happy. Madam, *said he*, it shall be my Study to make you so *Fair Anna*, *said the Count*, we will refer your Story to Afternoon, it being now Dinner-Time; and I doubt not but we shall hear something as extraordinary as what Madam *Eleonora* has related to us. They rose, and Don *Lopez* led *Eleonora* to the Table; they dined, and then returned to her Chamber, which was a pleasant Room, having the prospect of the Sea. Here they sat down whilst *Attabala* made their Coffee, and then they importun'd *Anna* to keep her Word; which she with a Sigh consented to do, saying, my Story is little worth hearing, and were it not to oblige *Eleonora*, I would beg to be excused.

CHAP.





C H A P. VIII.

I AM the Daughter of an unfortunate Prince who was once Lieutenant-General in the *Venetian* Army. My Mother was a Lady of great Birth; but the Family being ruin'd, had no Fortune; my Grandfather, being one of those who headed the *Hugonot* Party against his Sovereign *Lewis* the Fourteenth, lost both his Life and Estate. My Mother, then an Infant, was bred up by a *Hugonot* Sister of my Grandfather, who spared no cost upon her Education, but could give her no Fortune proportionable to her Quality. She had Beauty, and Wit, and was certainly a very charming Person. My Father, who was the eldest Son of one of the noblest Families in *France*, saw and loved her; he visited her in Secret, often made her large Presents; and knowing his Father and Family would ne'er consent to his marrying her, he resolv'd if possible to debauch her; but her Virtue made her resist him, tho' she loved him: So that he was forc'd to have recourse to Stratagems, to accomplish his Desires. He used to
Walk

walk with her often in her Aunt's Garden alone, she thinking herself secure from all attempts there. He had procured a Key to the Garden-gate, pretending it was more convenient for him to come in that Way, because it was most private; and therefore her Aunt gave him one she had used to carry in her Pocket, to let her Niece and her in when they thought fit. He sent three of his Servants in the Night, who going in hid themselves in this Garden. His Page who conducted them where he order'd, brought back the Key to him. In the Morning the Prince comes himself in a traveling Coach to the Garden-gate; there alighting he enters the House, calls for my Mother, and pretends he was going in haste on a Journey on some extraordinary Business for the King. After some Talk with Madam her Aunt, he takes her into the Garden, to say some little tender Things to her alone, as she supposed. As they were walking in a close Walk, his Servants disguised started out upon her, and stopping her Mouth, bore her to the Coach, into which he enter'd, drawing up the Canvasses; and the Coach driving swiftly, he carry'd her thirty Miles off to a remote old Castle which belong'd to his Father, but had not been inhabited

habitted by any Thing but Servants a long Time. When he enter'd, the Gardiner and his Wife, who had liv'd there to look after the furniture and the Gardens many Years, made haste to open the Rooms, and asked no Questions. Here he accomplish'd his ungenerous Design, and here he kept my disconsolate Mother several Years: Her Aunt conceal'd her loss, and, as she thought, her own Dishonour, as much as possible, concluding she was gone with him by her own Consent; she therefore pretended she was retired farther into the Country to some Relations: Yet it reached the Ears of my Grandfather, who only laugh'd at it, calling it a piece of Galantry in his Son to receive a Lady who fled to his Arms. He often press'd my Father to marry, but his Affection to my Mother, and Conscience, which now began to awaken him, made him always decline it. The Lady her Aunt lov'd her so tenderly, that she soon after the loss of her, fell sick with Grief, and died. And now the War being broke out between the *Turks* and *Venetians*, my Father resolving to marry my Mother, who was young with Child, and with her charming and affable Behaviour and Tears, had entirely gain'd his Heart, he propos'd to the Duke
his

his Father to go to *Venice* a Volunteer, with Equipage suiting his Quality, to make a Campaign or two. to which his Father readily agree'd: All Things were got ready, and my Mother conceal'd in Men's Cloths, went with him. so soon as they arrived at *Venice*, the *Doge* presented him with the Command of a Regiment of Horse. Here he acquainted a Bishop with the Engagements that were betwixt my Mother and him, together with the Reasons why it must be a Secret: The good Bishop marry'd them, and placed my Mother with a widow Lady of great Quality and Worth, who was his own Relation. Here my Mother was brought to Bed of me, and unfortunately died in Child-bed; so that my Father returning from the Army at the end of the Campaign; found my Mother just dead, and me at Nurse. His Grief was very great and his fondness of me so extreme, he begg'd the Bishop and Lady to take all the Care imaginable of me. The next Campaign he was made a Lieutenant-General, and was kill'd, dying in the Bed of Honour, leaving me a helpless Orphan, whose greatest happiness at that Time was, that I was too young to be sensible of my Loss. My Father had deposited into the Lady's Hands a great

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Sum of Money as a provision for me in case of his Death. The generous *Angelina*, for that was her Name, bred me up with as much Care and Tenderness as if I had been her own Child. She had a lovely Youth, her only Son, who was seven Years older than me; for him she declar'd she design'd me, provided we lov'd one another: His Name was *Carolus Antonio Barbarini*; we liv'd together, and his Name was one of the first Things she taught my Infant Tongue to pronounce. At seven Years of Age I found how dear he was to me, and he being fourteen, began to feel the glowing Passion he had for me warm his Breast. I was caress'd and lov'd by all his Family, and had the Prospect of being one of the happiest Women in the World. The *Turks* gaining many unfortunate Victories over the *Venetians*, I was not thought safe at home, but sent with some young Ladies of *Angelina's* Family to a Monastery. There, with a world of others, I was taken Captive by the cruel Infidels, and carry'd to *Constantinople*, where my tender Years preserved my Virtue. A Sea-Captain bought me, and carry'd me to *Algier*, made a present of me to the Governor, whom he used to supply with Mistresses, for which he was doubtless well rewarded.

rewarded. This is my unhappy Story. I suppose the Governor reserv'd me for his Use, when I was older; but God has been pleas'd to deliver me out of his Hands, for which I bless his Name, and I hope to see *Venice* once again with his Assistance. Here she finish'd, and *Eleonora* rising up, embrac'd her, shedding some Tears. Are you then, said she, the Charming Girl the noble *Angelina* bred up? Fair *Anna*, forgive my Ignorance that made me treat you as a Servant: My Mother was *Angelina's* Sister; you are dear to me by the ties of Blood, and far my Better in your noble Father. May Providence restore you to my Kinsman, and bring us safe to *Venice* again. Here the two Lords related part of their Adventures; Don *Lopez* concealing that part only which related to *Teresa*, whom he mention'd as his Sister: They related the manner of their being cast on the dismal Island, their deliverance thence, and unfortunate meeting with the *Algerine* Pirate, with the Ladies being ravish'd from them for the Governor. At last they declar'd they would not leave *Barbary* till they were found and rescued *Attabala* undertook to go to the Governor's, and learn what was become of them, which he faithfully perform-
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ed in a few Days after. He went to enquire after his Master's Health as usual, found none but servants, who inform'd him of the Ladies Escape, thence, and how the Governor had been wounded by one of them, and that *Roderigo* was likewise kill'd; in fine of all they knew, but where the Ladies retired to, that they could not tell. So *Attabala* returned with this Account; upon which the Lords resolv'd to disguise themselves, and go together in Search of them in all the Villages near the City, to one of which they suppos'd they must have fled for Shelter. They dress'd themselves in the Habit of *Greecian* Merchants, which Habits *Attabala* bought for them at the City, and both speaking *Greek*, they doubted not to pass for such if question'd. Thus metamorphos'd they went daily out, and ventured to enquire if any Ladies in *European* Dresses were arrived in that Town or Village which they pass'd through. Thus they did in every Place they could think of; but finding all their Search in vain, they began to imagine they were hid in some Wood or Cave, and therefore concluded to Visit all lonely Woods and Places least frequented: This they did for several Days also, but without Success. One Evening as they were returning

turning Home, they past by a small Wood, into which it was difficult to find an Entrance: They stop'd and having view'd it well, they perceiv'd some Foot-steps and beaten Ways over the Grass. they enter'd into the thickest Part of it by this Path, and there found a dismal sort of Hut made only with Boughs of Trees, and a piece of Sail-Cloth; under which, upon some Straw, lay a Woman, whose Face, tho' very beautiful, express'd the greatest Want and Misery. She had a Canvas-Wastecoat and Petticoat on, was barefoot, had a Silk-Handkerchief tied about her Head, and a piece of Flannel wrapped about her Shoulders; she was Young, fair and finely limb'd, but her Eyes were sunk: She was meagre, pale, sick, and so weak she could not rise. The Lords view'd her with such Compassion, that they were ready to Weep. In the Name of God, *said the Count de Hautville in French*, what are you? and how came you to be left in this dismal Place? I am not able *said she*, to tell you; if you are Christians, give me something to eat or drink, for our Saviours Sake. They had nothing with them; but *Attabala*, who went with them as a Guide, hastened to the next Village, and soon brought some Bread and Wine, with

with some of which they a little revived her. She drank a good Draught of the Wine, but had not Strength to chew or swallow the Bread. As they were assisting her, a Man came up, whose Face, Shapes and Miene engaged their Attention: He was dress'd in a Jacket and Drawers of Canvas his red Cloth Cap upon his Head with Fur, barefooted, and so pale, and lean, that he appear'd the very Image of Death; in a ragged Handkerchief he held in his Hands, he had Nuts and wild sower Grapes with a few dirty Bones, such as seem'd to have been flung into the Streets for Dogs. He retired back when he saw the Lords; at which the Woman call'd to him in a sort of Extasy: Come here my dear Lord, God sends us Friends and Food. He then bowing, approached them. Their Surprize was such, when they saw him nearer, they could not Speak. His Feet bled, his Sinews and Nerves all open, his Bones stared upon one another; in fine he was one of the most miserablest Object their Eyes ever saw. They put the Bottle of Wine and Bread into his Hands, at which a flood of Tears pour'd from his Eyes; and going to lift the Bottle to his Mouth, he stagger'd and fell down; at which the Woman shrieked and,
fell

fell into strange Convulsions. Don *Lopez* who caught the Bottle when the Man fell, endeavour'd with his Friend's Assistance to get some Wine down his Throat; but his Teeth being set fast, it was very difficult. Mean time *Attabala* was employ'd to hold the Woman, who beat her Breast, gnash'd her Teeth, roll'd her Eyes, and appear'd to be in the Agonies of Death. in some Time both recover'd a little and Don *Lopez* ordered *Attabala* to run back to the Town and hire Horses to carry them to *Attabala's* House. This was soon done, and the Lords mounting, took the Man and Woman up before them, and so posted home: Where being arrived, they put them in warm Beds, not being certain they were Man and Wife, *Attabala* having first washed their feet. This with some burnt Wine, and Bread sop'd in it, threw them into a profound Sleep till the next Morning; when *Eleonora*, *Anna*, and the Lords visited them to enquire who they were, and how they did: They first enter'd the Man's Chamber, who no sooner saw them, but he rais'd himself up in the Bed, and lifting up his Hands broke out into these passionate Expressions: *To thee first, my merciful Creator, I return my Thanks; 'tis to thee I owe this great Deliverance,*
and

and all the good Things I have received in my whole Life. I bless thee for the Miseries I have suffer'd: 'Tis most just, my God, that I should be punissh'd with Cold, Hunger and Thirst, who broke my Faith with Thee, and fled thy Altar for a sensual Satisfaction. 'Twas I seduced the virtuous Clarinda from her blessed Retirement, for which she suffers both in Mind and Body; but no more will I offend my God. Now pardon us, and as thou hast deliver'd us from Death, so grant Peace for our Souls. Then bowing to the Lords. To you bless'd Instruments of Heaven's bounty, said he, who have saved the Life of her whose Life is dearer to me than my own, you who saved both from certain Death, I return unfeigned Thanks, and will make all the grateful Returns my present Circumstances will permit. They embraced, and congratulated him with much tenderness, and promised to return to him so soon as they had visited the Lady. To her they went, and found her waking. She was very faint, and the Ladies welcoming of her, desir'd she would drink Chocolate with them, and not spend her Spirits by talking; yet she uttered many affectionate Thanks and Acknowledgements to God and them. The breakfast
was

was brought in, and soon after the Gentleman being risen and dress'd in a Shirt, a thing he had not on before, Wastecoat, Breeches, Cap, Night-gown, Stockings, and Slippers of one of the Lords, enter'd the Room, and appear'd like what he really was, a Man of Quality, of excellent Parts and Person. *Anna* had likewise supply'd the Lady with Shift and Night-Cloaths; she appear'd to be about two and twenty, and the Gentleman upwards of thirty. Being refresh'd with eating, the Gentleman handsomly without asking, address'd himself to the Company thus: Gentlemen and Ladies *said he*, I am positive you are very desirous to know who this Lady and I are, and what strange Misfortunes reduc'd us to the deplorable Condition you found us in; I will therefore as brief as I can satisfy your Curiosity, and you must excuse me, if I do not relate every Particular, with that exactness it ought to be done in, since my Strength is but little at Present. They assured him they would rather deny themselves that Pleasure, than trouble him; and begg'd that he would proceed.

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CAHAP.



C H A P. IX.

THIS Lady and I, *said he*, were both born in *France*, in the same Province; *Dauphiny* gave us Birth. My Father (which it is necessary I should mention first, because I was about ten Years older than she, which occasion'd my Misfortune, in being destin'd to the Church, before she was grown up to inspire my Soul with that fatal Passion that has undone us) was the Kings Lieutenant for that Province, and Marquis of *Harcourt*. I was his third Son, and therefore design'd for the Church, in which I could not miss of Preferment being descended of so great a Family; nor did I want the Qualifications requisite to render me capable of that noble Profession. I was not inclined to any Vice; nor, I thank God, wanted Sense to learn, and retain, all that was taught me. In fine I was very dear to my Father, and much esteem'd by my Friends and Family, I past thro' my Study, and was ordain'd a Secular Priest at twenty, I was soon dignify'd with being made a Canon of the royal Cathedral
of

of *Cambray*. My Brothers were greatly prefer'd in the Army, and we were all very Great and very Happy: But Providence did not think fit I should continue so. I got an Ague and Fever, which render'd me very weak; the Physicians advis'd me to the Country Air. Upon which I retired to a Country Village, where my Father had a little Summer Seat. In this Town was the Monastery of *Benedictine* Nuns; this Place I visited, having two young Ladies my Relations there. Here I saw the charming *Clarinda*, who was then about fifteen; she was Daughter to the Count *de Villeroy*, who having ten Children, four Sons, and six Daughters, sent three of his youngest Daughters to this Monastery, of which the Lady Abbess was his Sister. He gave a thousand Pounds Sterling with them, and all possible Persuasions and Means were used to persuade them to embrace this holy Way of Living, as is customary in *France*, because great Fortunes and Families should not be impaired and ruined, by portioning many Children; therefore they commonly dedicate some of them to the Church, which prevents their impoverishing Estates, and too greatly increasing the Family. Thus they were enabled to give such great
Portions

Portions with their eldest Daughters, and making Settlements on the second Sons, as may Marry them into noble and rich Families suitable to their own. but tho' this be an excellent Piece of Policy, yet it often causes the Children to be very unhappy, and the Church croud'd with those, whose Inclinations do not suit the Habits they wear, but tend to the World, and sigh after the Pleasures of it; nay too often do, as I have done, forget the sacred Vows they have made, and follow the dictates of their Passions. *Clarinda* was fair as an Angel, witty, free, affable, and in all Things so engaging, that I soon lost my Heart to her; I struggled with the growing Passion, sometimes resolv'd to see her Face no more, but love overcame all my resolutions, and I at last resolv'd to possess her, or die. I soon found Means to reveal my Passion to her, and she in short Time yielded to fly with me to any part of the World, for in *France* we could not stay. I had a great deal of Money by me, and now I thought only of amassing such a Sum, as may provide handsomely for us in *Holland* or *England*, to one of which Places they were determin'd to go: In order to this, I made bold with some very rich Jewels, which were laid up in a Reliquary, of which

which I kept the Keys; to prevent discovery I employ'd a *Hugonot* Jeweler to set false Stones in the Room of the true, which I pick'd out before he saw them, pretending that I was desirous to repair and beautify those sacred Things; and that Time having reduced them to this Condition, I could not bestow Diamonds and Rubies, but was willing to make them decent at my own Expence: And Indeed I thought there was but little use for Diamonds, to adorn dry Bones and Relicks, which we were not certain belong'd to those holy Persons whose they were pretended to be; and that the Money bestowed on the Poor, would have been much better employ'd. Tho' in me this was Sacrilege, and a great Crime; yet having given the Reigns to my Passion, I ran headlong to Destruction. All Things being ready, I provided a Boat to carry us down the River *Rosne* to *Arles*, from whence I doubted not to get Passage to *England*, in some Ship from *Marseilles* that was going home thro' the *Straits*. *Clarinda* failed not to be ready at the appointed Hour, which was Midnight. I brought a Ladder of Ropes, which throwing over the Wall of the Garden, which was not very high she mounted, and turning it over on the other side

side descended. I received her with open Arms, and all the Transport a Man may be said to feel, who has rigorously lived to his Duty, denied himself all the Pleasures of Sense, and gives a loose to his Desires. The sad Prisoner who has lived long confin'd in a dark loathsome Vault, feels not a greater Joy at the Sight of Day and Liberty than I did then. I hastened with her to the Boat, into which I had already convey'd Habits for us both, with all Things necessary. The Jewels I had hid about me in a Purse, and my Pockets were stuffed with Gold, besides all I had put into the Trunk I had got aboard with our Clothes and Linnen. As soon as we were come aboard, and alone in the Cabin, we dress'd both in Gentlemen's Habits, I threw our others into the River. And now 'tis needless to tell you that I enjoy'd the Maid I so much languish'd for, promising to marry her so soon as we were arrived at a Place of Safety. When we came to *Marseilles*, which we soon did, we discharged the Bark, and went ashore with our Things and lodged at an Inn. And now growing distractedly fond of *Clarinda*, I longed to perform my Promise of marrying her; and in few Days after, having purchased some Women's Apparel for her, we step'd out

out one Morning early, and going to a Country Village two Miles from *Marseilles*, were lawfully join'd by a Parish Priest: And now had I not been before engaged to live Single, I had been one of the happiest Men on Earth. We waited not long, before an *English* Ship arrived homeward bound. I agreed for our Passage; we went aboard, and soon after set Sail. And now my Fears were all over, I fancy'd myself going to a Country where I should rather be applauded than condemn'd for what I had done, where I should be free in all Respects; and tho' I never had a thought to change my Religion, yet I fancy'd I should be extremely happy in a Place where I should live free from all Constraint: But God, whom I had offended, soon convinced me of my Folly. An *Algerine* Pirate met us, and after a sharp Dispute took the Ship, and made us all Prisoners, carrying us into *Tunis*, where he sold us for Slaves. It was *Clarinda's* Fortune and mine to be bought by a Merchants Widow, who sent her Steward to Market to buy a Man and a Maid-Servant. When he brought us home the Lady viewed us, seem'd pleased with his choice of us. She ask'd me many Questions, as what Nation I was of, what I could do, and

and who *Clarinda* was, and such like; to which I answer'd, she is my Sister, that we were born in *France*; that I could Write, cast Accounts, and play upon several sorts of Musick, but neither of us had been bred to Work: I said my Sister could work finely with her Needle. She told me that it would be our own Faults if we lived uneasy, and that she would use us kindly. In short she liked my Person, and in a few Days gave me to understand what she expected. She was old, and very disagreeable; yet having given the Reigns to Passion, the Fear of being parted from, or of *Clarinda's* being ill used, made me resolve to oblige the lustful old Hag, which I accordingly did. And now I was treated as Master of all, I sat at Table with her, and *Clarinda* with us; I was deny'd nothing, but managed her Affairs and Fortune as I pleas'd. I had still left of my own the Purse of Jewels, which I had hung about my Neck with a String; for when the Pirates took us, they staid not to strip us of our Shirts, so they found not what was conceal'd next my Skin. This I always kept about me; but I wanted two Things which are the greatest Blessings of Life, Liberty and a good Conscience. I continued

tinued to please *Admela* the Widow some Time; but one fatal Evening she being walk-
ed in the Garden, I stole to *Clarinda's* Room,
where she was working, as I often did undisc-
cover'd, and taking the Priviledge of a Hus-
band, to enjoy my virtuous Wife, was by a
malicious Slave Watch'd, and betray'd; He
envied my good fortune in being belov'd by
his Mittress. He was an *Irish* Man, a sort
of People who never want a good Opinion of
themselves, and are generally successful with
the Women. He thought he had a good Op-
portunity to Ruin me, and insinuate himself
into her Favour. He gave her an Account
of what he had seen; and when I came into
the Garden some Time after, and gave her
my Hand, she looked upon me with such
Rage and Disorder in her Face, that I quick-
ly apprehended what was to follow. I en-
tertain'd her as usual with pleasant Talk;
we supp'd, and I went into her Chamber,
when her Servants withdrew, as I was accus-
tom'd to do; but when we were alone, she
explain'd herself in this Manner. *Malherb*,
said she, for under that Name I conceal'd my-
self, *Clarinda* is more than a Sister to you,
and I have nurs'd a Viper in my Bosom, that
steals your Affections from me. You adore
O her,

her, and doubtless care not for me. I thought to have provided nobly for her and you; but since she makes me wretched I will remove her from my Sight, and yours for ever. Here she wept. What different Passions rent my divided Soul at this dreadful Moment, Words can't express. I stood some Minutes immoveable as a Statue: At last I endeavour'd to pacify her, begging her not to credit what a Villain said, who conspir'd my Ruin, envying my good Fortune, at last I gain'd so far upon her, that she receiv'd me to her Arms; and then I made her promise to put the Villain away that abused us, which the next morning she perform'd, ordering him to be sent to a Country-House she had near the Sea-side, twenty Miles distant, to look after the Gardens. He utter'd a hundred Curses and Imprecations against me; but they did not hurt me, or serve him. And now I was obliged to care for *Admela* in an extraordinary Manner, and be more Circumspect than ever with *Clarinda*, on whom she kept a watchful Eye. We continued thus some Time; but *Admela* observ'd the tender regard we had for each other so well, that she was convinc'd I had impos'd upon her: And being very cunning, she took no Notice to me; but taking
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ing *Clarinda* with her into the Garden one Morning, when I was gone out to receive some Money of the Merchants for her, she had her seiz'd, and put bound into a Cart; where being cover'd over with some Sacks, she was drove to the Country-House, where the *Irish* Villain was, and there lock'd into a Chamber, where they chain'd her by the Leg, and only one old Hag, who had been *Admela's* Nurse, left with her. Here she remain'd a long Time: At my return Home, I miss'd her; and asking where she was, none answer'd; at last my Devil-mistress told me she was where I should never see her more. I rag'd and storm'd in vain; nay, I used Tears and Prayers, but Jealousy had render'd her Soul obdurate and inflexible; in fine, none would inform me what was become of her. From this hour I resolv'd to shun *Admela's* lustful Arms and Bed; at last she threaten'd me with *Clarinda's* Death if I treated her so ill. Thus I liv'd two whole Years in perpetual Torment, and Anxiety of Mind; my Health decay'd, and I was no longer the same Man. *Admela* griev'd, and being old, fell into a lingring Illness that at last ended her Days, but not my sorrows. And now having got much Riches of the Widows into my Power,

Power, I resolv'd to find out where *Clarinda* was, tho' I spent it all; but all my Designs were vain. *Mustapha*, a *Mahometan* Captain that was Nephew to *Admela's* Husband and his Heir, comes Home, and seizing upon all, cast me into Prison, where I lay three Months and then was turn'd out, to be used as a Slave, with a Clog chain'd to my Leg, to prevent my escaping. I was forced to carry Burdens as a Porter about the City to earn a morsel of Bread. Whilst these Things past, my dear *Clarinda* remain'd a Prisoner very Sick; The *Irish* Villain, and old Woman lived rarely, and grew great Friends; they feasted and lay together, he meditating how to Reveng himself upon me, and having always view'd *Clarinda* with Desire, prevail'd on *Dimas*, the old Hag, to let him sometimes visit her, he always brought her something, as Fruit, Coffee or Wine, to revive her poor decay'd Spirits; and tho' Grief had much alter'd her Face, yet her Beauty charm'd the Villain. One Day when *Dimas* was, gone to *Tunis* for Money for their Salary which *Admela* allow'd them, he thus address'd *Clarinda*: Madam, *said he*, I am touch'd to the very Soul with a tender Sense of your Sufferings. I adore and love you equal with
him

him you are parted from ; grant me the Enjoyment of your Person, and I will free you. *Malherb* is dead, the revengful *Admela* poison'd him three Days after you were brought here. *Dimas* has Orders to Poison you, but I keep her from it. I am a *European* and a Christian ; give yourselfe to me and I will procure a safe Passage for us to *Ireland*, where I will marry you. At these Words she lift up her Eyes, and with a Flood of Tears reply'd: Is my dear Husband dead then? Can I no more hope to see him? Then why do I live? At these Words she swooned. *Mackdonald*, for that was the Villain's Name, held her in his Arms, till she recovering, pour'd forth the most passionate Expressions of Grief. He then departed, fearing to hear her Reproaches and Subtlety, considering that after the first Efforts of her Passion was over, Reason would take place, and she would reflect on the Misery of her present Condition, and the Impossibility of being freed from it by any other Means but by him ; and so concluded, she would at last comply and fly with him, which was the Thing he design'd to compass, by this invented Story of my Death. *Dimas* returning, wonder'd to find her so afflicted, and asked her the reason of her Grief; but

but *Clarinda* fear'd to tell her, and discover what had past betwixt her and *Mackdonald*, and so gave her no Answer. And now Heaven kindly inspired her with the thought that this Story might not be true; Why *said she*, am I kept here if he be dead; *Admela* has no need to fear me if the Man we love is dead; if she would have taken my Life away, she might have done it long since: No, doubtless, this Villain tells me this, to make me despair of any help but his. My God, *continued she*, who can bring good out of Evil, direct me what to do. Thus she past the sleepless Night, and at last resolved to dissemble, with *Mackdonald*, and if possible, get her Liberty without injuring her Virtue. The next Time he came to her alone, when *Dimas*, who was jealous of him, was absent, she pretended to hearken to his Proposals, and told him, if he would contrive a Way for them to Escape, she would gladly go with him. He seem'd transported; and the next Night, whilst *Dimas* slept, to whom he had given a large Portion of Opium, in some Coffee they had drank together, he rises; and packing up what Money and Clothes he could find in the House, he came into *Clarinda's* Chamber, fil'd off her Fetters, and they hast-
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ed to a neighbouring Wood, where they sat down, fearing to lose themselves, it being a very dark Night, resolving to stay till the Day-break, and then he proposed to go down to the Sea-side, in hopes to find a Ship's Boat to go off to Sea in; if not, he had made an Acquaintance with a poor Fisherman, of whom he used to buy Fish, in whose Cottage he doubted not they may safely stay. And now the Villain began rudely to press her to yield to him. *Mackdonald*, that you are a Villain, *said she*, I am sensible; I have used you to obtain my Liberty, I never design to gratify you; therefore desist, or expect to die by my Hand, or kill me, for I prefer Death a Thousand Times before a Life of Infamy. If my Husband still lives, I may be Happy; if he be dead, I have no more Business with the World, and shall gladly die: But this be assured of, I will resist till Death. *Mackdonald's* Surprize was very great, yet he persisted in his wicked Design, and when he found Persuasions would not do, proceeded to Force, saying, *Clarinda* 'tis in vain you strive; the happy *Malherb* ruined me, and I will revenge my self by robbing him of you. At these Words she caught a Bayonet from his Side, which he had arm'd himself withall, and stabbed

bed him, before he suspected her Design. And now guess but the Terrors of her Mind, alone in a dismal Wood, she knew not where to go, a dying Man lying by her. She withdrew some little Distance from the Place, and there falling upon her Knees beg'd of God to deliver her from the Miseries of Life by a speedy Death. At last Day breaking, she looked round her, and rising walk'd thro' the Wood in a Path way which led to a Hill. This she ascended with much Pain, being very weak. In a shady Valley on the other side the Hill, she saw an antient Man of a venerable Aspect, his Beard reached to his Waste, his Habit was a coarse grey Cloth, very old, his Feet were bare, he had a little Pitcher in his Hand, and was going to fill it with Water at a small Spring that rose at the bottom of the Hill. She approached him trembling, and fell at his Feet, crossing her Breast. He lifted her up, saying in *French*, God save you Woman, what would you have? A Place to conceal myself, Father, *said she*; I am a Christian, fled from those that sought to ruin me; I am faint, sick, and friendless: Oh, assist me in what you can: If not, I must perish, for I cannot go much farther. He led her down the Valley,
and

and brought her to a poor Cottage, there he gave her some Bread and boil'd Roots, which was what he liv'd on; and here she recounted to him how she was with her Husband taken and made Slaves, with the cause of her Confinement at the Country-House; how she escaped thence, and had kill'd as she supposed, the Villain that would have forced her. Then the old Man, she having finish'd her Story, began thus. Daughter, I am a Man who have long since retired from the World; I am a Priest, born in *France*, I was Chaplain to an *India* Ship; and being desirous to see the World, chose that way to travel, in hopes to be useful to the Ignorant. We were taken by the *Algerines*, as you have been, and I was seven Years a Slave to a Merchant at *Fex*, where I learn'd to live hard; he at last freed me and being well acquainted with the Place and People, I resolv'd to live here the remainder of my Days. I never eat Flesh, nor drink Wine, but content myself with Bread and Roots, to which you are welcome. I get my living by practising Physick amongst these poor Barbarians, and so have frequent Opportunities of baptizing Infants unperceiv'd by them, and sometimes converting poor Souls to the Christian Faith. Sometimes I

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paint small Pictures of holy Persons, for which
 they give me Bread and Roots. Thus I have
 lived these two and forty Years, daily visit-
 ing the Sick in the adjacent Towns and Vil-
 lages. And now Daughter, If you can con-
 tent yourself to Work, I will provide you a
 Cottage and Businets, for with me it would
 be indecent for you to stay. You say you
 have kill'd a Man, a Thing you ought to
 mourn for all the Days of your Life. Alas!
 could you find no way to touch his Soul but
 to cut him off in that dreadful Moment when
 he was least prepar'd for his eternal State?
 Why did you not rather call earnestly to God
 to deliver you? Are you certain he is dead;
 No Father, *said she*, but I believe so. He
 rose hastily saying, Stay here, and I will go
 and see if God has mercifully spared him to
 Repent. He run to the Cupboard, took out
 a Bottle of Cordial, and with his Staff in his
 Hand departed, going as nimbly as if he had
 been young, tho' he was so old and feeble.
 This Sight fill'd her Soul with an unusual
 Strain of Devotion: My God, *said she*, what
 a lively Devotion glow'd in the Face of that
 good Man! How vigorously he performs his
 Duty, and how careless I have been of mine?
 How have I distrusted God, how lamented
 for

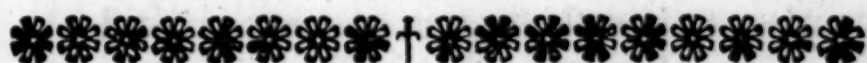
for a mortal Man, and how little for his and my Sins? I will hence forth resolve courageously to support all Adversity. Why did I imbrue my Hands in Blood, and rashly ruin the Soul of him whose Hands gave me Liberty but some few Hours before. I should have strove, and reason'd with him; God would have strengthen'd me no doubt, and touch'd his Heart. Well might the *Psalmist* cry out to be Delivered from the guilt of shedding of innocent Blood. Here she Melted into Tears, and truly repented her Rashness. Not long after, as she sat pensive, the good Father *Clementine* return'd, for that was his Name; and with much Joy told her, *Mackdonald* was sitting under a Tree when he came, so weak with the Loss of Blood, he could not rise. I view'd his Wound, *said he*, after giving him some Cordial; it is in his Thigh, deep, but not mortal. I mention'd nothing of you to him but admonish'd him seriously to prepare for Death, not letting him know that I thought his Wound not dangerous. He view'd me earnestly, and at last said, *Are you a Christian Priest?* I answered him I was, he seem'd o'erjoy'd, made his Confession to me, expressing great Sorrow for his Sins. I went to a poor Man's House, and we have got him thither.

ther. There I have left him in Bed; at Night I have promised to return: He says your Husband is living at *Tunis*. Poor *Clarinda* blest God and him for this good News; he conducted her to a Widow-Woman's House where she was to live till News could be got of me; there she helped to embroider Belts with this good Woman, who maintain'd herself with that Work. It was a great way from *Tunis* to this Place, and it was some time before any body could be found to go thither with her, which the good *Clementine* could not do himself, because he could not leave his sick Patient, poor *Mackdonald* died, before her Departure, of a Fever, occasioned by the great Loss of Blood, and was very penitent. The Clothes and Money that he had, were by the good Priest taken care of; who having paid the Country-man for Lodging and Diet for *Mackdonald*, gave the rest to *Clarinda*. She took leave of the generous Father with Tears, promising to return to him soon with me; he said he would provide for us to live. The good Widow loved her much and invited her to live there again: The Woman's Son went with her, they came safe to *Tunis*, lodg'd at a poor Woman's who was kin to the Widow. Here they learn'd
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the News of *Admela's* Death, my Imprisonment and poor Condition. *Clarinda* got the young Man to enquire me out; at last he found and brought me to her, but when she saw me in so miserable a Plight, a Clog chain'd to my Leg, my beggarly Habit and alter'd Face, no Words can express her concern; yet our Souls leaped for Joy. We kiss'd, embraced, and wept; so moving was the Scene, the poor Country-man and Woman of the House could not refrain from Tears. She told me what a Retreat was provided us; but I fear'd being pursued, and thought it was better for me to stay at *Tunis*. We took a Lodging at this Woman's House, she promising to procure Needle-work for *Clarinda*, to help to maintain us. In few Days the honest Country-man went home carrying a Letter from us to the good Father, full of our Acknowledgments. And thus we lived for ten Months, in which Time *Clarinda* found herself with Child. We lived very poorly; and no hopes of freedom appearing, at last I resolved, she importuning me, to file off my Fetter and steal away to the Widow's House, where she could lie-in more conveniently, and with *Clementine* the pious Priest's Assistance, be better supply'd with Necessaries.

ries. We had little Money, no Guide, and travell'd on Foot mostly in the Night, fearing to be observed and questioned in the Day. We soon lost our Way, and wandering about, came to the Wood where you found us. Here poor *Clarinda* fell into the Pains of Child-birth, and was deliver'd of a dead Child, which was doubtless lost for want of Help. I did all I was able to assist and comfort her, but she was now in so weak a Condition as render'd her unable to go from this dismal Place. All I could do was to wander in the neighbouring Villages to seek for Food to sustain our Lives. In this Condition God sent you to us; and now if he assist us to get safe to *France* again, *Clarinda* and I are determin'd to do Penance for our Sins, and if a Dispensation cannot be granted, part for ever: I will return to serve God at the Altar, and she to her peaceful Convent, to wash away our Stains and Oversights with Tears, to obtain a happy Death, and rise again to everlasting Peace and Glory. Thus he ended his moving Relation, which drew Tears from every Eye. The Lords and Ladies caress'd them both in an extraordinary Manner, and the Praises of the good Father *Clementine* were confirm'd by every Tongue. And
now

now the Count *de Hautville* call'd for Wine to refresh the Gentleman, whose Name they now knew to be Monsieur *de Chateau-Royal*. Soon after, Dinner being ready, they repair'd to the Parlour, and the Ladies charm'd with *Clarinda*, strove to entertain her as well as they were able, and to recover her Health she being very weak, and much indisposed. We must now take leave of them for some Time, and return to *Emilia* and *Teresa*, whom we left at the Widow's,



CHAP. X.

T*eresa* was a Month after her arrival at *Seraja's* deliver'd of a dead Son, and lay sometime sick ; but recovering, and both the Ladies working with their Needles all Day, gain'd a great deal of Money, whilst *Antonio* went frequently abroad, to make enquiry after Don *Lopez*, and the Count *de Hautville*. At last going to the City with Work, he met with *Lorenzo*, who told him how the Lords were escaped with a Lady and Girl from the Country-house; but he knew not whither, and that the Governor was

was gone for the Army, from which he had sent him two Days before on Business. This was all *Antonio* could learn, and enough to fill the Ladies with Hopes of seeing them again. Sometimes they imagin'd they were got to some Ship, and return'd home; yet it seem'd not very probable they would leave *Barbary* without having found them: Then they concluded they lay somewhere conceal'd, and would not fail to enquire them out. This, with the knowledge of the Governor's being gone for the Army, made them more vent'rous than before, and they walked out sometimes into the adjacent Towns, and often in the open Fields, in hopes of meeting their Husbands. But it so happened, that *Muley Arab*, youngest Son, to the Emperor of *Fex* and *Morocco*, who was used to hunt often near this Place, it being Winter, riding by one Evening with few Attendants, saw these unfortunate Ladies, attended by *Antonio*, walking home to the Widow's. Their Beauty surpriz'd him, tho' their Habit was mean; he order'd one of his Slaves to follow them, which he did, and return'd to the Prince, who the next Morning sent one of his chief Favourites to the House. He talked to the Woman in the *Turkish* Language, asking her

her who these Women were,. She told him they were poor Maids, Captives, whom she had bought to work with her in Embroidery. He presently demanded what Price she would part with them at, saying, he would purchase them. At these Words the poor Woman was confounded. She reply'd trembling, I love them so dearly I cannot part with them. Then, *said he*, You shall go along with them ; my Master the Prince of Fez will provide nobly both for you and them ; he will be here this Night. He instantly departed, and left the *Widow* and *Ladies*, to whom she explain'd what the *Mahometan* had said, in the utmost Distraction : *Whyther* to fly they knew not, and to stay there was certain Ruin. They therefore resolved immediately to pack up their Money, Clothes, and Jewels, and be gone towards the Sea-side. Whilst they were doing this, *Antonio* enters the House quite out of Breath. He had been out that Morning with some Goods to a Merchant's near *Attabala's* House, and returning saw the two Lords and *Attabala* walking in a Field near it. He concluded it was them by the Description *Emilia* and *Teresa* had given of them, and therefore hastened to bring the

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good News, having never rested in the way, tho' it was ten Miles from the good Widow *Sejara's*. Ladies, *said he*, I have fortunately found your Husbands; now we shall be happy, and only *Antonio* will remain wretched. *Teresa* and *Emilia* transported, reply'd, Blest be our God who ever helps us when distress'd let us go hence, with them we shall be secured; and tho' you our good Angel have not yet inform'd us who you are, yet I doubt not but we, or our Husbands, may be instrumental to make you happy also. Here they inform'd him of *Muley Arab's* Message, and the necessity of their removing thence: I will then *said he*, return to the House where they are, and give your Lords Notice of your coming: Mean time delay not to haste to us, we will meet you on the way; but if you meet any Company on the Road, conceal yourselves behind some Trees, or stay in the great Wood till we come to you. *Teresa* put the Box of Jewels into *Antonio's* Hands, saying, Take you these into your Care, and give them to our Lords to secure, before they come to us: We will follow your Directions, and be soon with you. He drank something to refresh him and departed; it was not long e'er they follow'd, making what haste they were

were able to get to the Place appointed ; but alas, Fate has otherwise decreed. The *Moorish* Lord returning to his Prince, related to him the disorder *Seraja* was in at his proposal, and advised him to be quick in securing the Women. My Lord, *said he*, they are the fairest Creatures my Eyes ever saw, and, if I mistake not, Christians, and of noble Birth. The Prince more inflamed with this Relation, gave Orders to some of his Attendants to follow him, and mounting a swift *Arahean* Horse, set out for the Widow's, *Ismale* the *Moorish* Lord leading the Way. They found the House empty ; and all Things being left in disorder, shew'd the Inhabitants were fled in the utmost Haste and Confusion. The Prince raged, commanded his Vassals to divide in Parties, and pursue them with all Diligence. The cunning *Ismale* advised him to make for the Sea-Coast ; they are doubtless *said he*, fled thither in hopes to get off in some Ship or Boat to some of the *European* Forts or Consuls, to *Tripoly*, or *Cuta*. *Muley Arab* follow'd his Counsel, and soon overtook the unfortunate Travellers, who being loaded, not used to walk fast, and being afraid of every Passenger they met, were not got half way to *Attabala's*. the *Moors* seized upon them,

them; and it was needless to ask who they
 were, for their charming Faces betray'd them.
 The Prince view'd them with Transport,
 descended from his Horse; and speaking to
 the affrighted Widow, who spoke his Lan-
 guage, bid her tell them, they should not
 fear, for he was passionately in love with
 them, would make them great, they should
 live in his Palace, and smile in his Arms.
 To all which she answer'd not, but with low
 Curtseys, and down cast Eyes: At last she
 too well explain'd his Meaning to the al-
 most despairing Ladies, whose prospect of ap-
 proaching Happiness render'd this cruel Dis-
 appointment insupportable: Nor was their
 Terrors less, lest that their Lords should come
 up to them at this fatal Juncture, and be ex-
 posed to the cruel Infidel's Fury. This is
 the uncertain Condition of Man's Life, that
 we scarce know what to wish for, or to fear.
 These poor Ladies but a few Moments be-
 fore impatiently long'd to see their dear Hus-
 bands, and now they dread their Presence
 worse than Death. Thus the Fruition of our
 Wishes is oft our Punishment; and for these
 reasons ought to desire nothing earnestly, but
 leave all to Providence. *Emilia, Teresa* and
 the Widow, were placed in the middle of
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the Band of *Moors*, and led by three of them, who quitted their Horses, to take care of these unfortunate Ladies. It was with much difficulty they got them to the next Village, where the Prince order'd that they should stay to rest, till one of his Coaches came to carry them to his Summer Palace, which was not many Miles distant. Here he enter'd the House of a *Bassa*, who was much overjoy'd at the fortunate Opportunity of obliging his Prince. Here the Ladies and Widow were conducted to a Chamber, where two Eunuch's waiting on them, hinder'd their conversing together; for they dared not discover their Thoughts to each other, for fear of being understood, and betraying their Lords. They sat looking dejectedly, Tears and Sighs only express'd the State of their Minds: Wine, Sherbets, Sweet meats, Cold-meats, and the most delicious Things that please the Taste, were presented to them; but they respectfully refus'd to eat, or drink. *Muley Arab* was magnificently treated by the *Bassa*, and his Coach being come, departed, the *Bassa* waiting on him, with many of his Slaves, to guard the Coach into which he was enter'd with the Ladies out of respect to whom the rich Curtains of the Coach were drawn.

Seraja

Seraja was presented with a Horse to ride on, which a Slave leading, went next the Coach; for the Prince used her very kindly, designing to make her assist him in gaining the Ladies Affections. And now he had an Opportunity of viewing the charming *Teresa* and *Emilia* at leisure: the first having lain in but some Months before, and been long sick, looked pale and thin; but her Youth, and the innocent Sweetness that bloom'd in her Face, rivalled *Emilia's* majestic Charms, where the Heroine appear'd, and every Look drew Admiration and Respect. *Muley Arab* gaz'd, and burn'd; his Eyes sparkled with Desire, and he languish'd to possess both: He was divided in his Choice, yet gave *Teresa* the Preference; he long'd to speak his Passion; and having learn'd the *Spanish* Tongue, address'd himself in that to them, asking if either understood it. *Teresa* reply'd, I do my Lord. He was transported that she understood him, and began to speak the most tender and passionate Things to her that Love could dictate; for the *Moorish* Nobility, and indeed the whole Nation, are much inclin'd to Love, very amorous and gallant. At length casting down her lovely Eyes, with a modest Blush, a Look, where Virtue, Fear, and

and Resolution were all blended together, Prince, *said she*, being so greatly born, as you are, and so generous in your Deportment, to us Strangers, I presume to implore your Pity, and promise myself Success, since you appear so human and Princely in your Speech and Mien: we are both Christians of noble Birth, already dispos'd of to two Gentlemen, who were unfortunately brought to this Place by Pirates, and made Slaves. None ought to have the Honour of sleeping in your Arms but Virgins, whose Hearts and Persons have not been fully'd with anothers Embraces, or Love. We are already pre-engag'd, and cannot oblige you without Horror and Dislike, or meet your Love with mutual Warmth and Satisfaction; nay, must rather chuse to merit your utmost Displeasure and die, than yield to gratify your lawless Love. While she spoke, the Prince listned as if he had heard some *Syren* sing, and grew more mad in Love. Her Wisdom charm'd him, every Look, each Motion fired his Blood, and he thought every Moment was an Hour till he reach'd Home. He answer'd with a Bow, and said, If Man can make you happy, *Muley Arab* will; by *Mahomet* I swear, you shall command my very Soul, and I
will

will make you blest as Woman can be. This he spoke to make her easy, and in Mysterious Words conceal'd his Meaning, which was never to part with her; nor did he think *Emilia* less worthy of his Favour, tho' he did not love her equal with the other.

THEY at last arrived at his Palace, where he took *Teresa* by the Hand, the *Moorish* Lord *Ismale* leading *Emilia*. They were conducted to a noble Apartment on the top of the House, where the Prince took leave of them, leaving a Female Slave to attend them. *Teresa* beg'd him to permit *Seraja* to come to them, which he immediately granted: So saluting both with Passion, he retired the Reason of which was this: He had received from the Emperor his Father's Hands, six Months before, a Wife, who was the Daughter of an *Arabian* Prince, who had assisted him in reducing a powerful Rebel and his Party. who had rebelled against him, and would have dethroned him, had not *Abdela* the brave *Arab* come to his Assistance. This Lady was very handsome, and of a haughty Disposition, very proud and revengful; she loved him passionately, and was so Jealous of all Women that he but seem'd to like, that she had poison'd several

several of those fair unfortunate Creatures she found in his Seraglio's, whom he had purchased or received as Presents. He therefore dreading she would serve these Ladies so, if he omitted to visit her immediately upon his return home, left them; and going to her Appartment, appear'd very pleatant and obliging, sat down to Dinner with her, a particular Favour in that Nation; and after Dinner propos'd to her to return that Night to *Fex*, to the Royal Palace, because he should go forth very early the next Morning to hunt, and should disturb her, and design'd to return to *Fex* in the Evening: To this she willingly consented. And now he thought he had secured himself one happy Night, in which he purpos'd to enjoy the two loveliest Women in the World: But the Prayers and Tears of the virtuous *Teresa* and *Emilia* had reach'd Heaven; God who disapoints the Wicked, and preserves in a wonderful Manner those that fear and love him, had otherwise decreed. *Ximene* the haughty Princess was quickly inform'd, that the Prince had brought home two *European* Women, fair as Angels, in the pursuit of whom he had spent that Day; that his Hunting was but a pretence to procure her Absence. In fine, this

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officious Woman told her all that could excite both her Curiosity and Revenge; which she was spur'd on by a secret Reason, which was, that she had been in her Youth vitiated by the Prince, and afterwards neglected: This made her distracted when ever she saw him fond of any other, and study to make him wretched, which she could no otherwise bring about but to continually incense *Ximene* against him, who always rewarded her for these cruel malicious Services. The Prince who'd been those unlucky Moments absent, whilst the treacherous *Dalinda* had whispered this fatal Secret to her Lady, return'd to give her his hand to the Coach, which was then ready with her Attendants to set out for *Fex*. but found her much disorder'd: I am not well, *said she*, and I cannot go to Night. At these Words she pretended to faint, and fell down on her Bed. The Prince was sufficiently vex'd at this cross Accident, but did not suspect his secret Designs were betray'd to her. He seem'd much concern'd (as no doubt he was) kiss'd, embrac'd, and used all possible Means to please her. She seem'd to recover, said she would lie alone that Night: tho' she had a secret Design, and not Sickness, made her chuse

chuse to do so. In some Time he asked her to take the Air in the Gardens ; but she refused, and chose to let him go alone for that was what she wanted. He long'd to consult *Ismale*, having perceiv'd a Change in *Ximene's* Face and Humour, that made him fear somebody had told her of the Ladies Whilst the Prince and his Favourite walk'd in the Garden, *Ximene* conjures the Slave to shew her *Teresa* and *Emilia* : She leads her Lady to the Room ; *Ximene* only past thro' it, and returning to her Chamber, was so surprized at their Beauty, and fired with Jealousy, that she resolv'd to poison them that Night, and commanded *Dalinda* to make a *China* Bowl of delicate Sherbet mix'd with a deadly Poison, which she always kept ready prepared for such wicked Purposes, *Dalinda* fail'd not to execute her Mistress's Orders, and having mix'd the deadly Poison, left the Bowl upon a Table in the next Room, designing to carry it up to the Ladies as a Present from the Prince, whilst *Ximene* detain'd him with her, which she resolv'd to do that Night, knowing that the Ladies would not live till the next Morning after drinking that fatal Draught. No sooner had *Dalinda* left the Room, but the
Prince

Prince returning from the Garden enters it, and being very dry, takes up the Bowl, concluding it was Sherbet made for the Princess; and going into her Chamber, drinks to her. She not imagining *Dalinda* had been so Indiscreet to leave the poison'd Sherbet there, refused not to pledge him, taking a good Draught of it. She seem'd very obliging to the Prince to engage him to stay with her, asking him to drink Tea with her. They sat down together, and *Dalinda* being call'd for, soon mix'd the Bowl, and perceived the fatal Error, yet dared not speak. In less than an Hour the Prince and Princess began to fall into strange Convulsions; which *Dalinda* perceiving, and fearing to be tortured and put to Death, for being the fatal cause of theirs, pack'd up what she could, as Jewels and Gold, and fled to the Woods, where she was seen to enter, but never came forth again, being (doubtless) that Night devour'd by the wild Beasts, of which *Barbary* is very full: A great Distraction reign'd in the Palace; the Physicians were call'd, and used all their Endeavours to save them, but in vain: *Dalinda* was believ'd the Author of this Mischief, but none could guess the Reason why. Before five in the Morning *Muley Arab*

rab and *Ximene* expired, she confessing what she design'd, and acknowledging God's Justice in her End. And now the Slaves and Favourites of the dead Prince walk'd like silent Ghost's, looking upon one another. A Messenger was sent to acquaint the Emperor with this dismal News of his Son's Death, whom he was very fond of: *Ismale* the *Moorish* Lord bare the fatal Message, and soon returned with a Troop of Soldiers, who by the Emperor's Order, discharg'd such of the Attendants as he thought fit; took all the Women in his Seraglio, and conducted them in Coaches being all Veil'd, to an old Seraglio where the Wives and Concubines of the deceased Princes are kept, some all their Lives, and some are disposed of to the Favourites of the Emperor, or the Prince who succeeds the Prince to whom they belong'd. To this dismal Place was *Teresa* and *Emilia* carry'd; yet they in their Hearts praised God for their Deliverance from *Muley Arab*, whose surprizing Death, and the Manner of it, they looked on as an Earnest of God's Favour, and were the more encouraged to confide in his merciful Providence. The good Widow was offer'd her Liberty to return to her Home; but she chose to attend the Ladies: They had in this decay'd

cay'd Palace the Liberty of walking in the Gardens, lying together, and hoped soon to find an Opportunity to escape, resolving to fly to *Attabala's*, if it were possible to find the Way: But alas it was above fixty Miles thence, and almost impossible for them to reach it without falling into new Misfortunes: The Widow advis'd them rather to make to the Sea-side, and endeavour to get a Passage to *Spain* or *France*, promising to go herself to *Attabala's*, which she could do safely. This Counsel they approv'd of, and tho' they were very unwilling to part with her, yet at last they consented to her going; she easily obtain'd leave of the Governess of the Seraglio, and chief Eunuch, and so left them, setting out for her own Home, where she doubted not to find News of *Antonio* and the Lords. And here we shall leave the Ladies for a Time, and relate what happen'd to *Don Lopez*, the Count *de Hautville*, and the rest of *Attabala's* Guests, since *Antonio* parted from the Ladies, and *Seraja's* House.



CHAP.

C H A P. XI.

A Ntonio soon reached *Attabala's* House, and found the two Lords, *Monfieur de Chateau-Royal*, *Clarinda*, *Elianora*, and *Anna*, at Dinner: He ask'd for *Attabala*, who coming to him, he desired to know if two Gentlemen were not there, whose Names were *Don Lopez*, and *Count de Hautville*. I come, *said he*, from their Ladies, *Emilia* and *Teresa*, who are now on the Road, coming to them. *Attabala* ran into the Par-
lour, and told this good News: All the Company rose from the Table. *Antonio* was call'd in; but what Words can express the Transport he and *Anna* were in, when she knew him to be her Lover *Carolus Antonio Barbarini*, the generous *Angelina's* Son, that noble *Venetian* Lady who had bred her up? they flew to one another's Arms. He gaz'd upon her, wept for Joy, at length swooned upon her Bosom; Joy so disorder'd his Soul, that every Faculty stood still, and his Heart and Pulse forgot to move. *Don Lopez* held him up, and all the Company stood looking on surpriz'd. At last awaking as it were from a long Sleep, he lifted up his Eyes, and
cry'd,

cry'd, *Anna*, thou dearest Thing on Earth, behold the Man that has followed you to this barbarous Place, and for your Sake ventur'd to brave both Death and Slavery: We'll part no more whilst we do live; I'll perish by your Side, or carry you safe to *Venice* again. And now, Gentlemen *said he*, arm yourselves, and set out this Moment to meet your Wives; as we are on the Way I'll tell you more: We must not delay one Moment to go to them; here is a Box of Jewels of great Value which they gave me for you, and I will give it to *Anna's* care till we return. At these Words *Eleonora* casting her Eyes upon Don *Lopez*, cry'd, Ah! faithless *Spaniard*, you then are marry'd, and another claims your Heart; you have deceiv'd me cruelly. He was too much in haste to answer more than in these few Words: Forgive me, Madam, I dared not tell you truth, nor did I know whether *Teresa* were living; had she been dead, the charming *Eleonora* had a juster Title to my Heart than any Woman: Yet you shall be happy, I will esteem, and love you next *Teresa*, keep you still near me, and make your Interest always mine. They hasten'd him to depart, and the three Gentlemen, *Attabala* and *Antonio* set out well arm'd,

arm'd, to meet the Ladies. They came to the Wood, hollow'd, call'd and ran to every corner of it, but in vain: At last they went quite to *Seraja's* House, and finding all in disorder, concluded they were fallen into *Muley Arab's* Hands; in which Opinion they were confirm'd by the Report of some Passengers whom they inquired of. Nothing could be more afflicted than the Count and *Don-Lopez*; they were even inconsolable, and *Monfieur de Chateau-Roial* and *Antonio* had much ado to prevail with them to return home. They would have pursued the *Moorish* Prince, but *Antonio* told them the Attendants he had with him were so numerous, and well-arm'd, that it would be the Action of Madmen to attempt an Encounter with them. The Lords seem'd quite abandon'd to Grief, and returning home, appear'd so cast down, that at last the charming *Clarinda* spake to them in this Manner: My Lords, are you Men and Christians? have you been both deliver'd from perishing in the merciless Seas by God's Providence, from a desolate Island, where he supply'd you not only with Bread, but with Friends, and a Ship to carry you thence with Safety, and land you at the Port you desired?

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fired? has he preserv'd your Lives from the Pirates Sword, and freed you miraculously from Chains and Slavery? preserv'd your Wives from the vicious Governor? and have you now forgot his Mercies, and doubt his Power? Is there one of us here who are not living Monuments of the Almighty's Goodness, and shall we Despair? Suffer not then your Reason to be silenc'd by Passion; but call to Mind the great Things God has already done for you, and put your Confidence in him, who will never leave nor forsake us, whilst we trust in and love him. He will give his Angels charge of the virtuous Women you so mourn for, and restore them safely to you if he thinks fit: If not; by your Submission to his divine Pleasure, endeavour to obtain his Favour, an happy end in this World, and eternal Joy and Repose in the next, where your Wives will be restor'd to you; and all your Sufferings here converted into Joy and Glory. Here she ended her admirable Discourse, and the Count *de Hautville* return'd her this Answer: Madam, your Advice is good, and I will endeavour to take it. Come my Friend, *said he* to Don *Lopez*, shake off your Weakness, and let us leave all to God; this Life is short,
and

and full of Disappointments, let us behave ourselves like Men and Christians. He that made us and our Wives, will preserve them, Here fair *Anna* interrupted them, saying, My Lords look upon this Gentleman and me, and learn to trust in Providence. I have not had time to ask him how he came here, nor by what Miracle conducted to this Place. Charming *Anna*, said *Antonio*, I will with Pleasure satisfy both you and the Company; but first my Advice is, that *Attabala* should go to *Seraja's* House, and see if any Person be there, and leave Word in the Village which she and the Ladies, if they Escape, will probably go to, to enquire after me: And let *Attabala* leave Word with *Johama Benducar*, her dear Friend, that her Slave *Antonio* waits for her and her Friends at the Place they were coming to, when he left them. *Attabala* may likewise enquire after the Prince, and what else he can. In the mean time let us continue quiet; for should we remove hence before we here from them, they would never be able to find us, nor can we be so safe elsewhere. They all approv'd of this Advice, and *Attabala* went to *Seraja's* that Afternoon. And now the Company sitting together, *Anna* fetching the Box of Jewels,

els, gave them to the Lords, saying, Here is the rich Treasure given to my charge, which I deliver to you, to whom it belongs: Upon my Word it would sell for a Sum great enough to provide for us all handsomly. The Lords were amaz'd at the number and richness of the Diamonds, and *Antonio* told them how the Ladies came by them. Don *Lopez* said, since Providence gave them us, they shall serve us all, and provide for all our necessities: Since God has made us Companions in Adversity, we will mutually strive to make one another happy. Now *Anna* propos'd the hearing *Antonio's* Story since he and she parted, and he related it in the manner following.





C H A P. XII.

Gentlemen and Ladies *said he*, my Name and Birth I find fair *Anna* has already inform'd you of, and how our Affections grew with our Years, and the manner in which she was ravish'd from me. I must then begin my Narrative from the most unfortunate Hour of my Life. The Day that we were parted, I was with my dear Mother *Angelina*, at our House in the City, to which we were retired for safety, when the dismal News was brought that the *Turks* had landed and ravaged all the Coast, and enter'd the Monastries, and carry'd away a great number of the Nuns and Inhabitants round about, destroying & plundering the most sacred Places; and that *Anna* was amongst those the Infidels had carry'd away Captives. This News fill'd all the City with Grief, and nothing but Sighs and Lamentations were heard in the Streets, Ladies of the first Quality ran about distracted, tearing their Hair, and wringing their Hands, for the loss of their Daughters, and the Death of their Sons, kill'd by the
cruel

cruel Infidels: Every Family had lost one or more out of it, and every Tongue was employ'd in aggravating the publick Calamity. But tho' my Grief was not so clamorous, yet I believe none more severely felt the loss of those they lov'd, than I when I heard *Anna* was gone, my very Soul was shock'd, and all my Faculties fail'd me, I could neither Eat nor Sleep. In few Days I resolv'd to follow her, and rather chose to die in Slavery, than live free without her. I conceal'd my desperate Design from my Mother, who was highly afflicted at *Anna's* Loss and my Melancholy, and pretended I would go travel only to *Rome, Spain, and France*. She was very unwilling to let me go, telling me with Tears, My dear Child, *said she*, God has been pleas'd to take your noble Father from me, and my sweet *Anna*, whom next to you I lov'd, you are all that are left me, in you are all my hopes plac'd; do not leave me then alone. Touch'd to the very Soul with her tender Expressions, I delay'd to go, and confin'd myself to her presence. But seeing me every Day decay and pine away, she resolv'd to send me abroad in hopes to divert me: and commanded me to go, I yielded, and all Things being prepared, as Habit, Horses, and

and two Servants, with Bills for Money at the Places I past through, I took leave of my dear Mother and Friends; and with her Blessing departed, promising to return soon. Now my Reason for going to *Spain* was, because had I gone from *Venice*, which was then at War with the *Turks*, I should have been liable to be taken, and made Prisoner of War; but if I went from *Spain* or *France*, in a Vessel belonging to either of those Nations, I might be safe, and have the Protection of their Consuls at *Constantinople*, by whom I might procure *Anna's* Freedom, paying her Ransom. And I resolv'd, tho' she had been ravish'd by the *Turks*, and sold or presented to the Seraglio of some Villain, for that her Beauty would doubtless occasion her to be, yet I would take her to my Arms, with as much Joy and Affection, as if she had been ever mine: Yet this her tender Years made me to hope would prevent. In fine, I posted thro' *Italy*, and arriving at *Barcelona* in *Spain*, I sent back my Servants with a Letter to my Mother of my true Intention, got a Letter to the *Spanish* Consul at *Constantinople*, from a great *Spanish* Merchant, to whom I declar'd my Design, and who had Money in his Hands for my Use remitted to him

him from *Venice*; and with his Assistance got Passage in a *Spanish* Ship, and with the Fleet arrived safe at *Constantinople*, and was well receiv'd by the *Spanish* Consul, who soon got me Information that *Anna* was bought by a *Barbara* Captain, who was bound to *Algier*, to which he used to carry Slaves, and rich Goods. I presently resolv'd to go thither, from which he endeavour'd to dissuade me all he was able, but in vain. I left some Money in his Hands, and the next Ship that was going to *Algier*, I went on board as a Passenger, paying for my Passage before-hand: but the Villainous *Mahometan* so soon as he came into Port, chain'd and sold me at the common Market for a Slave. I was bought by an old *Jewish* Merchant; and in one Year keeping his Accounts, for he put me to no Drudgery, or servile Employment, because I was his chief Favourite. I endeavour'd all I was able, to learn News of *Anna*, but could get none. And now another Misfortune befel me; my Master's Wife, a handsome *Portugeze* Woman, whom he had marry'd, and extremely doated upon, cast an amorous Eye upon me, and gave me several Invitations to be great with her: But I constantly avoid-ed her, and seem'd to be ignorant of her mean-
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ing: This so highly provok'd her, that one Day, when I was alone in the Counting-House, and my Master abroad, she came in, and shutting the Door, *said, Antonio*, must I be forced to tell you I love you to Distraction? Are you blind to your own Interest, and determin'd to refuse me? Am not I Fair and cannot I reward you? See here. At these Words she threw down a great Purse full of Gold: Take this, *said she*, and take to your Arms a Woman who loves, and can make you happy. At these Words she clasp'd me round the Neck, and almost stifled me with Kisses; I put her gently from me, in great Confusion. At this Moment my Master enter'd the Room; some officious Slave who sought my Ruin, had observ'd my Mistress and me, and given him Intimation of her Love to me; and he had thus contriv'd to surprize us, having only pretended to go forth, and staid conceal'd in the House: She swoon'd, I stood confounded, tho' guiltless: He took me by the Hair, beat and kick'd me unmercifully, and swore he would poison her, and sell me the next Day. He had so bruised me I could scarce crawl to a hole under the Stairs, and there I laid me down, expecting to rise no more. I too late repented my rash-

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ness in leaving *Venice*; yet would have died contented had I but seen my dear *Anna* safe and free. In the Evening of this unpleasant Day, the good *Tomaso*, *Seraja's* Husband came to the House with embroider'd Caps and Belts, as usual; he staid in an outer Room, and as Providence decreed, espy'd me in this sad Condition, my Face was bloody, and my Clothes all torn: He seem'd much surpriz'd, having always seen me well drest, and caress'd by my Master; he ask'd me what was the matter; I told him the truth: He said, he would willingly buy me. I had catch'd up the Purse of Gold when my Master enter'd the Counting-house, I put some of it into his Hand to purchase me, when my Master call'd him into the Counting-house, to pay for the Embroidery: He asked him for me, to give me something, as he pretended, and sometimes used to do, when my Master paid him; my Master exclaim'd against me: The good *Tomaso* perswaded him that his Wife and I might be innocent, at least, that I was very young, and might be seduced. In short, he asked to buy me, and my *Jew* Master glad to be rid of me, sold me for a Trifle. With him I went, and he hired a Horse for me to get home to his House, where I was maintain'd,

tain'd, and look'd after as if I had been their own Child. In short Time the good Man died, and since that I have converted *Seraja* to the Christian Faith, and assisted her in all I was able; and getting acquainted with many great *Bassa's*, and Merchants Servants, still desirous to find my dear *Anna*, I continually enquir'd for her, and never could learn any Thing but this: *Lorenzo* the Governor's Christian Slave told me; his Master had bought a Girl, much resembling her I describ'd; but he had sent her into the Country, and I could not see her. This kept my hopes alive, but till this fortunate Morning I was never assur'd of my Happiness; but now I regret nothing I have suffer'd, and trust in God we shall be happy together, and return in safety to our dear Mother, whom I long to see again.

ALL the Company admired the strange Adventures these two Lovers had met with, and they all resolv'd to go together from *Barbary*, the first Opportunity after *Teresa* and *Emilia* were found; for now such an entire Friendship was contracted betwixt these unfortunate Persons, that not one of them would consent to abandon the rest, till all could be happy together. Villany and base Designs
often

often unite Men for a Time, but end generally in their Ruin, and hatred to one another : but when Religion, and virtuous noble Designs are the Basis of Mens Friendships, they are lasting and successful.



C H A P. XIII.

A *Itabala* return'd home at Night, and related what he had learn'd of *Muley Arab's* carrying away the Ladies; he had left the Message with *Johama Benducar*. and now they were oblig'd to lie in suspense for some Days, in which the Lords pass their Time very unpleasantly; and *Eleonora* secretly rejoiced that her Rival was more wretched than herself: She now behaved herself with much Reservedness to Don *Lopez*, who treated her with much Respect and Tenderness.

At last *Seraja* arriv'd, and gave them an Account of the Ladies wonderful Deliverance, by the tragick end of the Prince and Princess; as likewise of their being removed to the old Seraglio, from whence she said it would be no hard matter for them to Escape.

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This News transported the Lords, and filled them with new Hopes of Happiness: They entertain'd *Seraja* with the Story of *Antonio*'s good Fortune, at which she much rejoiced. They made her Promise them to go with them to *Venice*, and to live with *Anna*, who call'd her Mother, and carels'd her extremely for being so kind to her Lover. *Seraja* lay there that Night, and the next Morning they consulted what to do. They at last resolv'd, that the two Lords should accompany *Seraja* back, that she should go into the Seraglio, and acquaint the Ladies where they staid to receive them, they design'd to lie at some Village near: So putting on their *Grecian* Disguise, like Merchants, they sat out with her, having bought a Horse for her to ride upon, which *Antonio* got at the Village where he and *Serrja* had lived. They took some Money sufficient for the Journey, and left the Company, with many good Wishes attending them. *Monfieur de Cheteau-Royal* and *Antonio* would have gone with them, but it was fear'd it would render them suspected to be seen travelling so many together. It was but threescore Miles they had to go, and in two Days time they reach'd the nearest Town to the Seraglio. Here
Seraja

Seraja advis'd them to stay and lodge, till she return'd to them from the Ladies: They did so. Enttring the Town they went to an Inn, pretending they came to buy Goods, and took a Lodging. *Seraja* enter'd the Seraglio, but was told the Ladies were not there, but gone. They told her *Ismale* the Moorish Lord had beg'd them of the King, and fetch'd them thence the Night before. The Governess said, *Seraja*, they are fortunate, he is a generous Lord, and will use them nobly; here are many young Virgins in this Place would rejoice to be so prefer'd. The Widow hid her Concern as much as possible, and took leave, returning to the expecting Lords with this sad News, which they took heavily, and return'd to *Attabala's* House, more sorrowful than ever.

AND now it is necessary we should enquire what befell these unfortunate Ladies, whose unhappy Beauties occasion'd them such Misfortunes. *Ismale* having been charm'd with their Persons when he saw them at *Seraja's*, study'd how to obtain them, and ask'd the Emperor for them. He readily bestow'd them on this Favourite, who made haste to fetch them from the Seraglio, fearing they should be seen by some Person more favour-
ed,

ed, and greater than himself, who might prove a troublesome Rival. When he came there, and told his Business, you may imagine how surpriz'd the Ladies were; but he expecting such Treatment, put them into a close Coach, and carry'd them to his Palace, where he lock'd them into a Chamber, which was in the upper Floor of the House, out of which a Door open'd upon a lovely Terras Walk made on the Top of the House, to take the Evening Air upon. Here the two wretched Ladies walk'd a-while ruminating on their sad Condition, and considering what to do. At last *Emilia* whose presence of Mind was always extraordinary, and was at this Time doubtless inspir'd by Providence, looking down into the Garden below, said thus: My dear Friend, shall we fear to tempt Death, by venturing some way or other down this Place, into the Garden, from whence God may find us some means to Escape; or shall we stay here and meet our Ruin? *Teresa* thought a Moment, and then running into the Chamber, look'd about to see if she could find any Cord or String to help them: it was just the close of the Day; they found no Strings but took the Window-curtains, and Sheets, ty'd them fast together;

together; and fastning one end to the Rails on the House top, *Emilia* slid down first as low as she could, which was some Yards from the Ground, which she ventur'd to leap down; *Teresa* follow'd and both escaped without much Hurt. Recovering their Legs, they ran down the Garden, and finding a Door open, went out, not knowing where to go. They wander'd thro' some Fields, and at last coming to a Wood, sought a Place to hide themselves till Morning, resolving at break of Day to be gone farther off. Here they sat trembling, full of dreadful Apprehensions of being taken again, or devour'd of wild Beasts. They knew not what part of the Country they were now in, nor how far from honest *Sejara's* House, where they had so long liv'd secure: At last they resolv'd, if possible to climb up into some low Tree, which with some difficulty they did, and sat there in much Fear. Mean time *If-male*, who had been engag'd by some Company that waited to speak with him at his coming Home, occasion'd him to leave *Emilia* and *Teresa* so soon, having in some time got quit of his Visitors, went up to the Chamber, ordering Supper to be brought thither, designing to enjoy himself in their Company
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all that Night: But when he found the Room in such Disorder, and the Ladies gone, his surprize can't be exprest: He soon discover'd how they had escap'd, and calling for his Servants bid them light Flambeaus, and search the Gardens and Fields adjacent, and if possible bring them back. The amaz'd Slaves ran up and down the Fields, and some of them entring the Wood ran here and there, but saw them not. What concern the poor Ladies were in is easily gues'd. At last the Servants return'd home; *Ismaele* fretted and raged, but in vain, and then went to Sleep in an old Mistress's Arms, at which the Servants rejoiced, and went to rest.

THE Ladies past the Night in Prayer, and so soon as Day broke, came down from the Tree almost faint, and hasted over a high Hill, from whence they saw a lovely River at some Dittance: They hasted to it, and in a Boat that lay there to ferry Passengers over, past safely to the other Side; and asking where they were, the poor Man told them the River they had past over was call'd *Omirary*, a River that parts the Kingdoms of *Fex* and *Morocco*; that they were not far from Mount *Atlas*, which if they past over, they would come into *Numidia*, a Country

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inhabited

inhabited by *Mahometans* and *Pagans*, govern'd by no King but ruled by some chief Men, Heads of Tribes, chosen by the rest. They are a People *said* *be*, inclin'd to thieving, *Turks* and *Pagans* in Religion, dwelling in Tents, living chiefly on Dates, feeding the Goats with the Stones, which makes them very fat, and yield good store of Milk; a Country but ill inhabited. The Ladies thanked the poor Man, and went towards the Mountains, not knowing which Way to go, ready to faint for want of Food and Rest. They had no Money, their Habits were fine, such as are given in the Seraglio's to the Women of Condition; the Day was far spent, they had no Food. At last they came to the Foot of a great Ridge of Mountains; there, unable to go farther, they sat down: *Teresa*, who was the weakest, Constitution, laid her Head on *Emilia's* Bosom, and sighing, said, Surely now, my dear Friend, my unfortunate Life draws to a Period; if God sends us no Help soon, we must perish here: Our Husbands know not where to find us, nor are we able to go to them. For my part, I have only this Satisfaction, that having done my my Duty to God, and my dear Lord, I have no reason to fear Death. You,
my

my dear Friend, will, I hope, not only survive me; but, by some Providence be preserved, and live to be happy with your Lord. Tell Don *Lopez*, that I died only his, virtuous and chaste as when he took me to his Arms, and hope to see him with Joy in the other World. *Emilia* wept over her, and strove to Comfort her.

Now Night drew on, and Darkness render'd the Place more dreadful. About Midnight *Emilia* saw a Light at some Distance, in a House, as she thought; and looking stedfastly, she saw a Man kneeling at the Door, with a Candle in one Hand, and a Book in the other, as if at Prayer: She shew'd him to *Teresa*. My Dear, said she, let us try to get to that Place, perhaps he is some Christian; but if not, we must venture: To stay here is certain Death, and therefore 'tis better to ask help of Infidels. *Teresa* attempted to rise, but could not stand, the cold and fasting had so debilitated her Limbs, they were useless. *Emilia* was unwilling to leave her, but at last was forced to it: She hastened to the Place, and approaching near, saw a Man of a middle Age, tall, well shaped, and would have been very handsome, had not Abstinence, Sickness
and

and Hardships alter'd his Face: He had a coarse Frize Coat, like a *Turkish* Dervise or Hermit, a Fur Cap; short Boots like an *Arabian*. He was so intent at his Devotions, that he saw her not, tho' now very near him: She listen'd, and hearing him pray in the *Latin* Tongue, was encourag'd to speak to him, She threw herself on her Knees before him, saying, Generous Christian, help two unfortunate Women, almost dead with Want and Traveling, fled from a vile *Mahometan's* House who would have ruin'd us: My Companion lies yonder on the cold Ground; give us shelter in your House, and a little Food or Drink, to save our Lives; The Hermit being risen, view'd her with Amazement: Lovely Creature, *said he*, you may command my Life; who would refuse to receive such a Guest? Let us haste to your Companion, and fear not to live with a Man, in whom you shall find a Protector and Friend. He fetch'd a Lanthorn, and putting a Candle into it, went with her, carrying a Bottle of Rum in his Hand. *Emilia's* care for *Teresa* was such, that she staid not to Drink, but forgetting her own weakness, ran to her, whom they found almost senseless. *Emilia* gave her some of the Cordial

dial, and with their Help she was got into the House.

AND now the Hermit shutting the Door, hasted to kindle up a Fire of Leaves and Sticks, setting before them Bread, Meat and Wine; of which having eaten a little, they began to revive, and the Hermit, who waited on them with much seeming Pleasure and Respect appearing very Courtly in all Things, said, Ladies you are highly welcome to a Man who has liv'd many Years in a manner sequester'd from the World. I believe we are of one Faith, and Equals in Birth; my homely Cell begins to look pleasant with such Company: May I ask you who you are, and beg to know your Misfortunes, that I may be the better enabled to serve you. The Ladies had by this time observ'd the Room, and Man: The House was very poor and mean, containing below two Rooms, and (as they supposed) no more above: The Furniture was suitable; but the Master of the Place appear'd to be noble, and of great Birth and Education. *Emilia* answer'd him, Sir, I think it is but reasonable that we should first know who you are, and your Adventures, since our want of Strength, and disorder of Mind and Bodies, may well excuse us
from

from such a Task, as the Relation of ours. He bow'd, saying, Madam, forgive my Curiosity, which made me forget my Duty, and be so bold in asking so great a Favour, as to know you. Rest is fittest for you; my poor Bed and Chamber wait to receive you.

Here is the Key, I shall not presume to wait on you to the Door; this Place will serve me to wait your Commands in to morrow Morning, when I will freely, and with Pleasure, tell you all the Adventures of my Life past. The Ladies were charm'd with his Behaviour, he presented a Candle and the Key to them, and would not admit their staying below any longer. They went up Stairs, and found a Bed and Chamber, neat as those in Palaces; there were some Chairs, a Carpet on the Floor, with Quilts, Sheets, and Coverlids neat and good; in a Closet were many Watches, and Tools of all sorts belonging to the Art of Watch-making: Many Pictures of fine Painting without Frames, adorn'd the Walls of the Chamber. They shut the Door, undress'd, and having return'd Thanks to God for this signal Mercy, went to Bed, and slept sweetly. At break of Day they waken'd and rose; the Hermit heard them, and prepar'd a Fire: They came down, and he receiv'd them with a cheerful Counte-

nance; he was preparing Coffee for their Breakfast: And now they desired to hear his Story, which he thus related.



C H A P. XIV.

I AM by Birth a *Venetian*, my Father was a Nobleman, and I was his eldest Son; my Name is *Andrea Zantonio Borgomio*. I was related to a Lady, who marry'd a wealthy Merchant, had one Daughter, with whom I fell passionately in Love; but the Custom of my Country forbidding me to marry any Woman whose Father was inferior to my own in Quality, I resolved to marry her in secret. The Day was appointed when I was to meet her at a Country-house of her Father's to espouse her; but the Evening before, she being in her Father's Coach with her Mother and Father, attended by three Servants, she was forcibly taken out of it, and carry'd away with a black Boy who follow'd her. The Ravisher was a Captain of a Ship, who was an old Man, very rich, and had loved her from her Infancy.

She

She was then about fourteen; he carry'd her aboard his Vessel, set sail with her, and was by a Storm drove 'on the Coast of *Barbary*, where they were taken by an *Algerine* Pirate who carry'd them to *Algier*, as I have since been inform'd; but how she was disposed of, I could never yet learn. It is almost eleven Years since we parted. Her Father sent a Messenger to inform me of our Misfortune the same Night she was taken away. We soon discover'd by what means we lost her, and I that minute resolv'd to hire a Vessel to follow the Villain's Ship. Her Mother being my Father's Relation, flew to him for Redress, but his Behaviour soon inform'd me that he was consenting to the hateful Deed: He treated her very coldly; and when I importun'd him to procure an Order from the Senate to arrest the Villain and his Ship, offering to go myself to execute it, he look'd upon me, and said ironically, I don't doubt your Readiness to follow him; you are too much concern'd about what ought not to concern you at all, mind your Duty; your Kinswoman is fitter to be his Wife than yours, speak no more to me about her. I understood perfectly, and was so enraged, that I almost forgot he was my Father. I went
out

out of the Room from him immediately, took a great Sum of Money with me, and attended only with one Servant, went directly to the Port, where I hired a light Brigantine and went directly after her. I gueſt he was gone for *Spain* or *France*. In few Hours we met a Ship bound for *Venice*, who told us he met Captain *Alphonſo's* Ship; they ſaluted one another, *Alphonſo* came aboard him, drank a Bottle of Wine, and ſaid he was bound for *Spain*, taking ſome Sweetmeats and Wine this Captain had brought from *Leghorn*. This made us ſteer our Courſe that Way. A great Storm roſe that Night, and Shipwreck'd us upon this Coaſt. I know not what is become of the Captain and his Men, but I was ſaved on a piece of the Rudder, and caſt on the Coaſt of *Barbary* near *Tunis*. Here I was taken up almoſt dead by a Peaſant, who was very kind to me. So ſoon as I could walk abroad, I began to enquire where I was, what the Manners and Cuſtoms of the Country were. But I was ſoon taken notice of, and ſent for by the *Turkiſh* Governor of *Tunis*, who examining me, took a fancy to me, and ſaid if I would live with him, he would uſe me kindly; if not, I ſhould be ſold to ſomebody elſe. It was my beſt way I thought

to accept of his Offer, by which I might have an Opportunity to get off for *Spain*. He employ'd me in managing many of his Affairs, sending me with Letters and Presents to several Ministers of State and Friends: He was so very gentle, and familiar to me, that I began to apprehend he had an ill Design upon me, and liked me for a Use the *Mahometans* often keep young Men for. As I suspected, it prov'd; one Evening he call'd for me into his Closet, and gave me a rich Vest, Turbant, and an entire *Turkish* Dress of Sattin embroider'd with Silver, with Linnen suitable. He bid me take it and go and dress me, for I must cease to be a Christian and a Servant, and live at ease. Then he kiss'd me eagerly; I turn'd pale, bow'd, took the Cloths, and went out trembling, determining in myself to fly thence whatever was the Consequence. Whilst I dwelt with this Bassa *Soliman*, for that was his Name, he had a Renegado Slave, by Birth a *Hollander*, who indeed had not more Religion than Honesty or Conscience. This Man's Name was *Cornelius Vandunk*, he was a Watchmaker by Profession, and having as he told me, been extravagant, run in Debt, he fled his own Country, and went with a Merchant to *Constantinople*, to work there

there with him. His unconstant Temper made him uneasy there, so he wanted to be gone elsewhere, and went on board a *French Merchant Ship*, which was taken by an *Algerine Pirate*. There he was sold to a *Few Merchant* who used him ill; coming to *Tunis*, he resolved to free himself by renouncing Christianity. He did so, by which he ingratiated himself with the *Bassa Soliman*, and became a Favourite, working for him in curious Work: He was certainly a great Artist at his Trade, and of him I learn'd so much, as to be able to put a Watch together, and mend one tolerably; I took much delight in it; and painting in Water-Colours I was also a tolerable Master of. Being now resolved upon quitting my Service. I was considering how I could provide Bread for myself, and enjoy my Religion, the thing I valued above my Life. I thought now if I had a good Sum of Money with me, I might Escape to some Place far distant from *Tunis*, and retire to an obscure Place where I might Work and Sell what I did make, till I could hear something of *Eleonora*, for that was my ador'd Mistress's Name; and having learn'd from a Merchant that arriv'd from *Algier*, who came to bring a rich Present to *Soliman*,
that

that *Alphonso's* Ship had been taken and plunder'd, and the Crew and Passengers brought in and disposed of there, I was determin'd to stay in *Barbary*, till I got farther News of her. I had some Money by me, but not sufficient for such an Undertaking. I was now perfectly acquainted with the Customs of the Country, and under the religious Disguise I have now on, I knew I could pass undiscover'd and live safe. I at last resolv'd to take some Jewels of *Soliman's* which I had by his Order put up in a Cabinet: This I did, and at Midnight departed, having provided myself of an excellent *Arabian* Horse out of his Stable. I staid just out of Town till Break of Day, when I set Spurs to my Horse, and rid towards *Algier*, where in short time I arriv'd safe. I went to a Merchant's House with whom my Master was acquainted, knowing he could not send after me so far, not knowing which Way I went, at least till I had dispatch'd my Affairs; and I design'd to stay there no longer than till I had sold the Jewels, and made a full Enquiry after *Eleonora*. with the Assistance of this Merchant, the Jewels were sold in three Days time; a Jew gave me five thousand Crowns for them. I was inform'd that the *Algerine* Pirate

Pirate had presented a Lady that was in *Alphonso's* Ship to some *Turkish* Governor, but it was not known who; and that the Captain was dead. At last despairing to find her, and fearing to be discover'd and taken, I left *Algier*, and went thro' *Fex*, which being too populous I Quitted, and retired to this lonely Place, having worn this holy Disguise seven Years, which I have lived in this Place. I bought this poor Cottage of a Merchant for whom I work, I pass for a religious Man, a Hermit; the People reverence me as I pass. I mend Watches for several Merchants in the adjacent Towns and Cities. I sell my little Pictures likewise to *Europeans*, and live comfortably, bringing home what I want. I receive no Visits but at my Door. I am call'd *Ismael* the holy Hermit. I give what Alms I am able to the poor; sometimes cloth the Naked, and secretly assist Christians who are in Distress. I have made myself a Rule to live by; I dedicate every third Hour to Devotion in the Day, and rise once in the Night to Prayer, and am now so reconcil'd to this retired kind of Life, that I am indifferent whether I ever return to *Venice* or not, unless I could be so happy as to have *Eleonora* with me, then
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I should return with Pleasure, to see if my Father and Mother, and who of my Relations were Living, not Doubting but after my absence of so many Years my Father if living would receive me with Joy, and when he comes to hear the relation of our Adventures, with the many Trials hardships, and Sufferings we have Undergone, by his Rashness in adhering to, and assisting the Villain Captain in the surprizing and carrying off, of *Eleonora* which has been the cause of all our Misfortunes: But if I was assur'd she was dead; then I would mourn her here, and die in this Place.

HERE he ended his Relation; *Emilia* said, what was the *Black's* Name who belong'd to the fair *Eleonora*? He answer'd *Attabala*. Then said she, I shall tell you Wonders; bless'd be our God who has brought us here together. She then began the Relation of their Adventures, and in conclusion told him of their Lords being at *Attabala's* House, which she had learn'd from *Antonio*, but whether the Lady is there or not, said she, I cannot tell. The Hermit, for so we must call him till he leaves his Cottage and Habit, was fill'd with Admiration at the Things he heard: And they mutually acknowledg-
ed

ed God's Goodness in preserving them all in such an extraordinary Manner. And now they were very chearful, and fell to considering what was best to be done. They were above a hundred Miles distance from *Attabala's* House; and the Hermit knew not whom to trust to send thither: At last he proposed that they should stay there whilst he went, tho' it was dangerous for him to go so far. The Ladies were very unwilling to be left behind, but it was altogether unfit for them to go. The Hermit said he would buy a good *Arabian* Horse to ride on, and be soon back; to which at last they consented. He gave them Money, shew'd them where it was hid, and counsell'd them to put on such Habits as he wore. He went and bought them such, with Food and all things necessary; and in five Days time having put all things in order, pretending to his Customers some extraordinary Business at *Algier*, departed, having first taken leave of the fair Hermits with Tenderness and many Blessings; they praying fervently for his safe Return. And here we must leave them till we have learn'd what is become of the Lords and the rest of *Attabala's* Guests.



C H A P. XV.

THE Lords being now at home in *Attabala's* House with *Antonio*, and the charming *Anna*, who wanted nothing but a safe Passage to *Venice* to be compleatly happy, as likewise the fair *Clarinda* and her Lord Monsieur *de Cheteau-Royal*, who were passionately fond of each other, yet determin'd to part, if they could not obtain a Dispensation for them to live together lawfully; and the fair *Eleonora*, who liked Don *Lopez* so well, that she thought no more of her first Lover, Signior *Andrea Zantonio Borgomio*: All the Company began to importune Don *Lopez* and the Count to think of returning to their Homes: Consider, said they, the dangerous Consequences that attend our staying here longer; if any of us is discover'd, it will be the ruin of the rest. The good *Seraja* likewise pleaded for their going My Lords, said she, *Ismael* knows my House you are sensible; and should he have the least Intimation of your being here or any Strangers he would doubtless have you all taken, and examin'd.

examin'd. You must submit to the Will of Heaven; if God pleases he can send your Wives to you into *Spain* or *France*; I am sorry to tell you, 'tis very unlikely for being now in *Ismael's* Hands, he will probably keep them too safe; force cannot fetch them thence, you are in a strange Country, and have none to assist you. It is now the Season of the Year for Ships to come, and go to *Europe*: Let *Attabala* look out for a Ship to carry you hence to *Venice*, or any part of *Europe*, from whence you may go to your several Countries, and stay not here to be made Slaves, and the poor Ladies who have escaped hither torn from you again. In Fine, all Arguments were used to persuade them to go thence; but none was so prevailing as the generous Regard they had for their Friends, who could now be happy if they were not detain'd there by their Respect for them. The Lords begg'd them to go and leave them to Providence, offering to divide all the Money and Jewels amongst them, and desiring to be left with none, but a Servant of *Attabala's*, and in his House; but *Eleonora* opposed that strenuously, [with an Air of reproach,] and all the rest refused to hear of leaving them alone. But now an Accident

dent happen'd that in few Days obliged them to come to a Resolution: The incensed *Ismale*, mad to be thus disappointed, and resolving in his Mind that *Seraja* was the only Friend the Ladies had, and that it was most probable they would fly to her, resolves to go to her House with his Slaves, and force her to discover where they were. He accordingly comes to the House, enquires for her, but could learn nothing. He levels the House with the Ground and departs, threatening to return again, and search all the adjacent Towns and Villages. He likewise offer'd a great Reward to any Person that should find and discover her or the young Women, or her Slave *Antonio*, no sooner was he departed but *Johama Benducar*, *Seraja*'s Friend, runs to *Attabala*'s and warns them to be gone: If you are discover'd *said she*, as you certainly will, because of the Reward *Ismale* offers, you are ruined. This News both surprized and pleased Don *Lopez*, and the Count; they were transported that the Ladies had escaped *Ismale*'s Hands, yet fear'd to stay his coming: At last *Seraja* persuaded them to leave *Johama* the Care of the Ladies, if they came; For, *said she*,
the

the Slave here left, and she will conceal, and get them off if they come, with less Trouble than you can, who will be watch'd and question'd. *Attabala* hasten'd to the Sea-side, and going off in the honest Fisherman's Boat, went aboard a *Spanish* Ship which lay there, and agreed with the Captain to carry them to *Venice*. Returning home, *Attabala* hasten'd them to get off; they pack'd up all, leaving with *Attabala's* Servant Money for *Teresa* and *Emilia* to get home; *Johama* promising to take care of them. But when the Count and *Don-Lopez* enter'd the Boat their Concern appear'd; they both turn'd Pale and the big Drops roll'd down their Cheeks: My God, said *Don Lopez*, pity me, and preserve *Teresa*, whom I am now forced to leave behind me: Ye Angels, guard her, and conduct her to me safe. The Count only lifted up his Hands and Eyes, and sigh'd deeply. Thus come on board, they were by the *Spanish* Captain well received. They rewarded the Fisherman, and he departed. And now Joy fill'd every Face, but the two Lords, and they were extremely sad. The Ship lay that Night at an Anchor, and the Wind being contrary they were obliged to wait its turning. This doubtless Providence order'd;
for

for towards the close of the Day *Attabala's* Servant comes in the Fishing-Boat with the Hermit, who entering the great Cabin with him, saw *Eleonora*, whom he immediately ran to, catching her in his Arms with such Transport, that she had not Time to discover who he was; but his Voice soon inform'd her, it was Signior *Andrea Zantonio*. She seem'd equally glad, and if she was not so transported, yet she was doubtless pleased to see the Man she had once loved so well. After some passionate Expressions to her, he turn'd to the Company, saying, I know not which of these Gentlemen are the fortunate Husbands of the virtuous *Emilia* and *Teresa*, for to them my Buifiness is. The Lords soon inform'd him; he told them how he saved and left the Ladies safe at his House at the Foot of Mount *Atlas*. The Lords embraced him, and made him welcome, with repeated Acknowledgments for his generous Treatment of their Wives, whom they were impatient to see. *Eleonora* also was curious to know his Adventures after they were parted, which he related to her and the Company. Then she presented *Anna* and *Antonio* to him, telling him who they were. He embraced them tenderly, being glad to find some of his own

own Nation there, *Antonio* being his Kinsman. They now deliberated what to do; *Venice* being the nearest Place, they resolved to call there first. *Antonio* and *Anna*, *Eleonora* and Signior *Andrea Zantonio* our Hermit, fear'd not to be welcome to his Father, if he was yet living, after so long an Absence. He had always resolv'd to Marry *Eleonora*, who now told him with much Confusion what had past between her and the Governor, which force excused; so that his Passion being sincere as ever, he took her to his Arms with as much Joy as if she had been a Virgin, and the Chaplain of the Ship perform'd the Ceremony that Evening; which gave *Antonio* an Opportunity of pressing the charming *Anna* to make him likewise happy. Her Youth and Innocence made her hard to be persuaded to yield; but all the Company joining, she gave him her Hand, which he received with Transport; and the next Morning the whole Company meeting in the great Cabin, resolved what to do farther. The two Lords determin'd to go with the Hermit to *Emilia* and *Teresa*; the rest of the Company were to stay aboard; and it being unsafe for the Ship to lie there long, they agreed it should weigh Anchor,

Anchor, and put out to Sea for two or three Days, and then return and stay at an Anchor till they came back with the Ladies, which could not be sooner than 5 or 6 Days, because they could not travel so fast with them. The Hermit taking leave of his Bride, who look'd with Confusion upon Don *Lopez*, and was concern'd both for him and her new Husband, not being able to quite stifle the Passion she had conceived for that charming *Spaniard*, parted with them with much Un-easiness. The Lords took a tender Farewell of the whole Company, and so departed, going ashore in the Ship's Boat. They stay'd that Night at *Attabala's* House, where none remain'd but the faithful *Abra*, a *Turkish* Boy *Attabala* had bred up and made a Christian of in secret, to whom he gave his House and Effects. The next Morning he went and hired Horses for the two Lords, on which they set out for the Hermit's House; and traveling thither, we must leave them, and give you a brief Account of what befel the Ladies, in the time of the Hermit's Absence.

CHAP.





C H A P. XVI.

THE second Night after the Hermit's Departure, *Teresa* and *Emilia*, having recommended themselves to God, went to Bed, and compos'd themselves to rest. About Midnight they were waked with dismal Groans and Lamentations, which seem'd to proceed from some Person near the House. They listen'd a-while, and heard a Woman's Voice, who express'd her Grief in these Words, in the *French* Tongue: My God, where shall I find shelter? Who shall assist me in this barbarous Place? When shall my Sorrows end? Why is my Life prolong'd? And to what End dost thou preserve me yet on this side the Grave, is it to inflict farther Miseries upon me? Why O Lord, has not thy Vengeance overtaken him that ruin'd me? And can thy Justice suffer me, who am Innocent to be thus miserable? Must I live still to be the Slave of cruel lustful Infidels? Oh, show me some hospitable Cave or Cavern in the Rocks to hide myself, and die at Peace in. Here she sigh'd,

sigh'd, her Voice seem'd to decay, and Groans
 succeeded. *Teresa* and *Emilia*, whose hearts
 melted at these moving Sounds, were both
 fearful to propose what both desired to do,
 which was to open the Door and take the
 Stranger in. They were alone, and in a
 lonely Place, unable to resist whatever Vio-
 lence were offer'd. It might be some Impos-
 ture. At length Compassion forced *Emilia*,
 whose Courage was extraordinary, as she had
 before manifested, to speak thus to *Teresa* :
 Shall we deny that Charity to another, which
 we were sav'd by in this Place? Shall we
 not relieve a Christian and one of our own Sex
 in Distress? *Teresa* answer'd, do what you
 please. *Emilia* went to the Window, and
 call'd, but none answer'd. Then she struck
 a Light, and they went down Stairs, and o-
 pening the Door saw a little Distance from it,
 a Woman fallen down upon her Face. They
 dragg'd her into the House, and fastening the
 Door, set her in a Chair, and pour'd some
 Cordial down her Throat, upon which she
 reviv'd. She was richly dress'd in an *Arabian*
 Habit of Silk embroider'd, her Hair was
 hanging loose, very fair, and in great quantity.
 She had a small Wound in her left Breast, a
 Necklace of brilliant Diamonds about her
 Neck,

Neck, Ear-rings of great Value, and her Face and Person delicately handsome. She appear'd to be about five and twenty, and extremely frighted. At last having recover'd her Reason, she looked round her, and then perceiving the charming. *Emilia* and *Teresa* in their odd Hermits Dress to be Women speaking Words of Comfort, and very earnest to help her, she broke out into these passionate Words, Am I with Christians? Are Angels provided to take care of the unhappy *Charlot*? Has my God heard me at last? And brought me to a Place, where Virtue and Charity reside? And am I freed from impious Infidels? Here she kiss'd *Emilia's* Hands, who was putting Balsam to her Wound. And now the Ladies asked her who she was, and her Misfortunes that brought her there. She willingly inform'd them: I will recount to you, *said she*, a Story full of Wonders, so moving and so strange, that you will be fill'd with Admiration. They made a Fire, and having given her Wine and Meat sat down by her she desiring them to put out the Light for Reasons she would tell them.

I am, *said she* a Native of *France*, born in *Paris*. My Father was a celebrated Paint-

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er,

er, He had by my Mother, who was the Daughter of a *French* Colonel, a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune, no Child but me. Our House was frequented by a great many of the Nobility, who came to have their Pictures drawn, or see my Father's curious Paintings, he having a Collection of the choicest Pictures, both antient and modern, of any Painter in *Paris*. He was very rich, and design'd me a great Fortune. I was tolerably handsome, and this caused me to be extremely courted, both for a Mistress and a Wife ; but my Father's Ambition was so great, and he thought so well of me, that he refused to give me to several good Tradesmen and Merchants, hoping to match me to some great Officer or Count : In fine, a young Nobleman coming to have his Picture drawn by my Father, saw and loved me, courted and visited me often in Private, fearing his Father's Displeasure, who was of great Quality. I was so foolish to imagine his Designs were honourable ; and being charm'd with his agreeable Person, Behaviour, and bewitching Conversation, grew insensibly to love him passionately. He too well perceiv'd my Weakness, and made his Advantage

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tage of it. He made me many Presents of Value, caress'd my Father and Mother highly ; so that they entertain'd and gave him all the Liberty imaginable with me, suspecting nothing of his base Design, which was to ruin me, which he thus effected : He had gain'd my Maid to be his Creature, she fill'd my Ears with his Praises daily, and encreased my Distemper. One Day when my Father and Mother were invited to dine Abroad with some grave Company, where it was not proper for me to go, my Lover who had Information of their being Absent, comes in a Hackney-Coach, and after some amorous Discourses, as gallant and pleasant as usual, asks me to go Abroad with him, taking *Phillis* my Maid with me. We will go to a Friend's of mine, *said he* whom I can trust, and be merry. I was proud that he would show me to his Friends, and thought myself very safe, having *Phillis* with me ; nay, I thought him so noble and sincere, that I had not the least distrust of him. I dress'd myself richly, and went into the Coach with him, leaving my Parents and Home, which I fear I shall never see again ; he carry'd me ten Miles from *Paris*, there we alighted

alighted at a House, hired for his fatal purpose, as I was too soon sensible ; I saw none but two Servants, a Man and Maid, who receiv'd him as their Master, The House stood in a Garden, and no House within call. Here he gave me Wine, and a Dinner, which was ready prepared. I began to be much surprized, and apprehensive of what follow'd. He told me after Dinner he was tired, and must lie down upon the Bed : In fine, I trembled, and saw too late I was betray'd. And to dwell no longer on the dismal Subject, here he forced me to Bed, and tho' I used Prayers, Tears, and resisted all I was able, he at length overcame me, swearing he would marry me. Here he staid all Night, and left me the next Morning in the Hands of my Betrayer, *Phillis*, and his two Servants, who watched me as a Prisoner. I knew not where to go ; I loved the Villain that had undone me, was ashamed to be seen, and was so well watched, that if I would have gone thence I could not. He came frequently, kept me nobly, and used me tenderly. My poor Father and Mother too well guess'd their Misfortune, and mourn'd for me in secret. My Lover went
no

no more to visit them. My Father attempted to speak with him, but the Servants used him rudely. The Neighbours laugh'd and ridiculed him, because he had disoblig'd many of them, whose Sons and Brothers had been refus'd when they address'd me : In fine, he fell Sick, and in less than two Months died, leaving my Mother a rich but disconsolate Widow. I was kept no longer so very strictly, being big with Child, and my Father dead. I was permitted to visit my poor Mother, to whom I related my Misfortune ; we wept together, but could find no Remedy. I was kept thus five Years, in which I never appear'd Abroad, but with a Masque. I had three Children. My dear Mother often came to me privately, and pass'd some Days with me, my two Sons died at Nurse, my Girl grew, and my Betrayer was very fond of me and the Children. I still flatter'd myself he would at last marry me, but his Father, who had took little Notice of his keeping a Mistress, thought it was time for him to marry, and give an Heir to his Family ; he propos'd a young Lady of Quality and Fortune suitable ; and having now glutted himself with me, my
Lover

Lover made no difficulty to oblige his Father and himself with a new Dish. He marry'd the Lady, who was handsome and a Virgin; he grew fond of her, and slighted me. I never saw him, but I reproached him with my wrongs, so that he not only continued to slight me and came seldom to see me, but used me so unkindly that we never met but we quarrel'd. This with the Torments of his Conscience, doubtless made him resolve on being rid of me. He comes to me in his own Coach as usual, for now he made no secret of our Converse, which made him not very easy with his Lady; he appears very sad, and treats me with unusual Tenderness, sups, and goes to Bed with me, and there with all the Marks of Affection, and Penitence, says thus to me: My dear *Charlot*, I have wronged you cruelly, my Conscience is wounded, I have not had a Moments quiet since I was Marry'd, and now I am resolv'd to make you Reparation; I am yours and not hers whom I sinfully marry'd. I am determin'd to leave her, and have provided a Ship to carry and Money to maintain us in *England*, whither I mean to fly with you and my dear Child. You may imagine, loving him as I did, how easily I was persuaded to credit him: In fine
I agree'd

I agree'd to all he propos'd with Joy, and a few Days after he came, took me and would have had the Child, but my Mother would not be perswaded to part with it: He carry'd me to *Calais*, where we went aboard a Merchant Ship. I had carry'd only my Cloths and Maid, and he pretending he had remitted his Money to *England*, brought only two Portmantuas on board. He led me into the Cabin, where we supp'd, and lay all Night. He left me dressing in the Morning to go talk with the Captain, I suspecting nothing. In some time I sent *Phillis* to call him to Breakfast, and she staying long, I call'd, but no body came: At last I looked out, and saw the Ship under sail. The Captain came, I ask'd for my Lord and Maid; he told me they were gone on shore in the Boat. I wrung my Hands, and wept; he told me it was all in vain, he had Orders for what he did. In short, I fell sick with Grief, kept my Bed, and was brought to *Tripoly* before I knew where I was. Here I was brought to Shore, carry'd to a House, robb'd of my Cloaths and Jewels. The Portmantuas brought on board by my villanious Lord were empty, as I satisfied myself before: In this Place I was sold to an *Arabian* Captain, or Chief of a Tribe.

a Tribe. He carry'd me with him, and what became of the Christian Dog that sold me I know not. *Abenducer* the brave *Arab* used me kindly, lov'd and prefer'd me before all his Women; but alas! what Joy could I take in this dismal Course of Life? A thousand times I've wished to die. I was carried up and down with the rest of his Women, in a cover'd Waggon, when we mov'd our Habitations, which we did twice in the sad Year. I liv'd with him three Days since we came near this Mountain. A Brother of *Abenducer's*, great as himself in Power, of a Humour different, resolute and revengful, some time since saw and liked me, and studied how to take me from his Brother. Yesterday *Abenducer* being gone with his Band to forage, *Abdelan* comes with his Band of Soldiers to the Tent, and takes me away; just as he was going off, *Abenducer* comes by, in short, I scream'd, a bloody Dispute ensued, in which I was the Victim to their Rage, being drag'd by the Hair from one side to the other; here I receiv'd my Wound: At last seeing the two Brothers sharply engag'd, I ran from them, and escaped over the Mountain, where I wander'd the rest of the Day, fearing to be pursued, till Darkness, loss of
 Blood

Blood and Weakness obliged me to stop; at last my Senses fail'd, and had not God sent you to assist me, I had perhaps perish'd on the cold Ground.

THE Ladies admir'd, and wept at the sad Story; and then lighting a Candle, got her to Bed, where they spent the remainder of the Night in Discourse, telling her part of their Adventures. Towards Morning they slept, and rising late, found *Charlot* so ill she could not rise; and now she express'd her Fears to them: Ladies, *said she*, I fear it will not be long before the incensed Brothers, at least he that survives, will come in search of me over the Mountains; 'tis my Advice therefore, that we remove to some Town of Strength for some Days, lest you are discover'd and ruin'd by protecting me. Your Beauty, which far excels mine, will perhaps cause them to bear you hence with me; you are very unsafe here. This alarm'd the poor Ladies, who finding but too much probability in what she said, were now afraid to remain here; *Emilia* therefore goes to a neighbouring Village, where the Hermit was known, says they were his Kinsmen whom he had left in the House, and desires a Lodging, and

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some

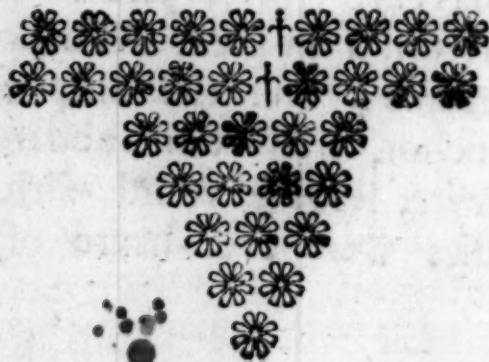
some Lad of Integrity to stay in the House for some Days till *Ismael* their Kinsman return'd, because they had been frighten'd with a Band of Robbers, who were roving on this side the Mountain; which was not very frequent, they not often venturing to come on that side. The honest *Moors* reverencing their Habit, offer'd them a House to live in till the good *Ismael* came home. *Emilla* gave the Poor of the Place a large Alms, which highly encreased their Respect for her: And so she return'd with a Lad with her, the Son of one of the principal Men of the Village. She had before she went pack'd up their Money, and drest the sick Lady in an old Habit of the Hermit's, packing up her rich Habit and Jewels in a Bundle. They led her betwixt them, and left nothing of much value behind them, ordering the Lad to bring the Hermit, and whoever came with him, to them, The Boy did not fear the Robbers, when nothing was left in the House worth their taking: But the fourth Night of his stay the poor Lad was murder'd by some Robbers, who enter'd the House in the Night, and plunder'd it, and fearing Discovery, kill'd him in the Bed as he slept; which some
Days

Days after was discover'd by the Thieves being taken, one of whom being put to Death, confest this Fact, with many others.

THE next Morning after the Boy was kill'd, the Hermit and the Lords arrived, and entring the House, were entertain'd with this dismal Spectacle: The Door was open, the House plunder'd, and the strange Lad lying dead, the Hermit concluded that the Ladies were murder'd; and now the Lord's Grief cannot be exprest. The Hermit found all the Money gone, and believing it to no purpose to stay there longer, persuaded the Lords to go back: My Friends, *said he*, it is in vain to stay here and mourn, 'tis Heaven's Pleasure: If the Ship sails without you, you will perhaps perish here also. The virtuous Ladies are, no doubt happy and at rest; God has permitted it to be so, and we as Mortals must submit: If we stay here one Night, it may be our fate to be murder'd also, or carry'd by the Robbers into Slavery. They yielded to his Advice, and return'd in great Affliction to *Attabala's* House; and the Ship coming again to Anchor, they went aboard and set sail for *Venice*, leaving Word with *Johanna*, if the Ladies were ever heard of, to send them

them Word, and assist them if they came, to get to them; resolving to stay some time at *Venice* before Don *Lopez* and the Count went to *Spain*, where the latter resolved to stay with Don *Lopez* the rest of his Days, both determining never to marry again: *Clarinda* and the Count *de Chateau-Royal* having agreed likewise to go with them to *Spain*, and to stay there till Interest could be made for them by their Friends in *France* for a Dispensation from *Room*, for him and *Clarinda* to be Man and Wife, by discharging him of his Vows; he fearing to be punish'd if he return'd home without Permission, and a Pardon for the Crimes he had committed. They all pass their time very agreeably in the Ship, except the two Lords, who sincerely mourn'd the loss of their Ladies; and the Ship arriv'd safe at *Venice* the Tenth of *March*, 1751

CHAP.





C H A P. XVII.

THE Ladies waited some Days, in expectation of hearing by the Lad of the Hermit's Arrival: At last the Father of the Boy went to the House, and return'd with the melancholy News of his Son's Death, and the House being plunder'd; and having enquired of some poor Goat-herds who were upon the Mountain, they inform'd him, that they had seen three Men, two of them appear'd *Grecians*, and the old Hermit, alight at the Cottage Door and go in; but they stay'd not long, but mounted their Horses, and turn'd back by the Way they came. From this Account the Ladies concluded, that they finding the House rifled, a strange Lad dead, and no body left to inform them what was become of them, departed, imagining them dead, or fled thence: They therefore resolved to set out immediately for *Algier*, and go to *Attabala's* House, where they supposed their Lords would wait, in hopes to hear of them, at least till they were better informed
what

what was become of them They took their Money, Clothes, and Jewels ; and having given some Alms to the Village, and a Present to the Man whose Son was kill'd in their Service, departed the Town in a covered Waggon they hired to carry them, it being the most easy and private Way for them to travel, leaving a good Name behind them. The poor Villagers having conceiv'd a high Opinion of their Sanctity, accompanied them on the Road a great Way, praying for the good Dervises Welfare, as they call'd them ; and in four Days time they got safe to *Jobama's* House, where they first stop'd to alight, for they lay in the Waggon all the three Nights on the Road, and went not into any House, only walk'd somtimes in the lonely Places they pass thro' to stretch their Limbs. Here they discharged the Waggon, taking their Things out, and sent it back : And here *Jubama* inform'd them of their Lords being gone for *Venice*, and advis'd them to go early the next Morning to *Attabala's* House, which she thought more safe than hers. The poor Woman entertain'd them kindly, and they rejoiced at the good *Seraja's* being gone to *Venice*, hoping to find her well and happy there. *Jo-*
bama

hama entertain'd them with the Adventures their Lords had met with, and the fortunate meeting of the Hermit and *Eleonora*, at which they were much pleas'd. This Night they rested sweetly, being in great want of Sleep: The next Morning early they went to *Attabala's*, there *Abra* made them very welcome; they were obliged to stay here till an Opportunity of a Ship could be found to carry them to *Venice*. And now poor *Charlot* whose Wound was not perfectly cured, fell very Sick; the disorder of this long Journey threw her into a Fever, of which she was so dangerously ill, that her Life was despair'd of: *Emilia* and *Teresa* used all their Endeavours to save her. Whilst she lay in this Condition, *Emilia* walked frequently down to the Sea-side with *Johama*, who came and stay'd with them, to wait upon, and keep them Company, till they got off; and as they were musing one Evening on the Shore, they saw a Man lying upon the Sand, who appear'd so miserable that it mov'd their Compassion and Wonder together. They drew near to him, he was young but his Face was so pale, and disfigur'd with Dirt and Want, that it appear'd frightful; his Hands were so lean, that the Bones and
Nerves

Nerves were visible, the Skin being shrivel'd and wither'd, his Cloths were miserably torn and ragged; he had no Shirt on, only a poor Coat and Breeches, with Shoes and Stockings suitable; he had three Wounds in his Stomach and Breast, which appear'd not to be fresh, but foul and rancled' and not cover'd with any Plaisters: *Emilia* was so touched with this dreadful Object, that she wept. The Man looked stedfastly upon her, she being in her Hermits Dress, and that made him silent, believing her a *Turk*, at last he said in *French*, why do you stand staring upon me, am not I a Man? What do you see to wonder at? If you compassionate my miserable Condition, relieve me, or kill me, for I am weary of living *Emilia* answer'd, Are you a Native of *France*, and a Christian? I am *said he*, one, who being cast on this barbarous Shore, am reduced to this Misery. Follow us, *said she*, and we will relieve you. He look'd eagerly upon her, and scrambling up, made shift to crawl to the House after them: Being enter'd the Door, she desired *Johanna* to give him Wine and Meat, which he devour'd with much greediness; and a few Minutes after fell into strange Convulsions; they gave him some
Cordial-

Cordial-water, and *Abra* ran and brought a Quilt, Coverlid, Sheets and Boulster; and on a Carpet spread and made a Bed: The Lady withdrawing, *Johanna* and he washed his Face and Hands, put him on a Shirt, and lay'd him in Bed: Then they put Balsam to his Wounds. He seem'd almost insensible of all they did to him; but Nature which struggled hard to digest what he had eat, at last threw him into a Sweat, and then he fell into a Slumber; upon which they retir'd, leaving him to Rest. *Emilia* going up to *Charlot's* Chamber, who was now on the mending hand, related to her and *Teresa*, the strange Adventure she had met with, which drew Tears from their Eys also. The Stranger slept all Night, as they supposed, for *Abra* who lay in the next Room, heard nothing of him, only sometimes a deep Sigh, or Groan. About eight in the Morning *Emilia* sent *Johanna* to ask how he did: When she enter'd the Room, she was surpriz'd at the change of his Countenance, and concluded he was a Person of Quality, and very handsome when in Health: He made the most grateful Acknowledgments imaginable, begging to know who the charitable Person was, to whom he ow'd his Life.

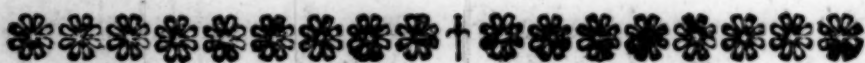
She answer'd, that she was commanded by that Person to ask his Name and Quality, if it were not improper, that they might know how to treat him. Alas! *said he*, the Gentleman's Curiosity will not be much more satisfied, when I tell you that I am the *Son* of a Marshal of *France*, and that my Name is *Victor Amando*, Count of *Frejus*; born to a plentiful Fortune, and by one unfortunate Action ruin'd. I was going to *Room* in a Ship from *Marseilles*, and by a Storm cast on this Shore: Here I have been robb'd in a Wood, wounded and left for dead; and not knowing where to go, or who to apply to, being unable to go far, I have wander'd about the Wood for these ten Days past, eating nothing but wild Fruits and Nuts, which threw me into a Bloody Flux. I at last crept to the Sea-side, and there sat down unable to go farther, having no other Design, but to lie there and die, which God prevented by your generous Matter's Hands. At these Words *Abra* enter'd the Room with a *Grecian* Habit for him, which *Don Lopez* had left behind, and waited to dress him: At which *Johanna* retir'd, and went to the Ladies with what Account he had told her: But who can express

express the Surprize poor *Charlot* was in when she heard the Stranger's Name, and knew him to be her faithless Lord, who had ruin'd, and basely sent her here? My God, *said she*, how wondrous are thy Ways, and how miraculous thy Power? Has thy Justice found him out, and brought him here to suffer? I thank thee my God. Being very weak she fainted; the Ladies were much amaz'd at her Words, and soon guess'd who the Stranger was: They reviv'd *Charlot* with Cordials, and beg'd her to compose herself, lest her Fever should return with this great Disorder of Mind, and consider with them, whether it would be proper for her to see him now, or stay till they had sound'd his Inclinations, and learn'd whether he were single, and inclin'd to repair the Injury he had done her, by an honourable Marriage. She thought that best: So *Emilia* and *Teresa* went into the Parlour, and sent for him to Breakfast; they were both in their Hermit's Dress, as Men. When the Count *de Frejus* enter'd the Room, they gave him a good Morning with great Gravity; he return'd the Compliment: They treated him now with Ceremony: He much admir'd at the Beauty of these young Men, and soon perceiv'd by their Voices and Mein

Mein that they were Women disguis'd. At last *Emilia* enter'd into a serious Discourse with him, in this manner: My Lord I am no Stranger to you, nor the Actions of your Life; nor am I surpriz'd at the Misfortunes that you have met with, which I hope the Almighty will sanctify to you, and turn to your Advantage. Where is the unhappy *Charlot* and her Child? Oh! my Lord, how could you expect Prosperity to attend you, till you had expiated by Repentance the cruel Injury you did that lovely Maid? At these Words the Count was even thunder-struck, to hear a Stranger in *Barbary* reproach him for a Crime he thought a Secret to the greatest part of his own Acquaintance. He at last lifted up his Eyes, the big Drops rolling down his Face. My God, *said he*, I own thy Justice. And falling at the Ladies Feet, Bright Angels *said he*, for such doubtless you are, who pry into the Hearts of Men, and know our secret Actions, pray for me to the Almighty: I have sin'd so greatly that an Age of Penitance cannot expiate my Crimes. Oh! teach me what to do to appease Heaven. The Ladies rais'd him, saying, Rise Sir, we are frail Mortals like yourself, and living Monuments

ments of the Divine Mercy, preserv'd in this inhospitable Land by Miracles. But tell us, were *Charlot* living yet, would you repair her Injuries? Witneſs, ſaid he, that God in whom we truſt, he who has ſeen my Tears, and heard my Prayers, that I would marry her that Hour I were bleſt with her dear Preſence; nay I would chuſe to beg with her, and ſuffer every ill, nay Death itſelf, rather than wrong her any more, or marry with a Queen: Long have I mourned my Sin, nor can I e'er deſerve ſo great a Bleſſing, as to ſee her Face again. Are you then ſingle? (ſaid *Tereſa*) is your Lady dead? and may we credit what you ſay? Oh! what a Wretch am I, ſaid he, that cannot be believ'd. Here *Charlot*, who had liſten'd, enter'd the Room. I would believe you my Lord, ſaid ſhe, but have ſo ſuffer'd for my Credulity already, that I hardly dare truſt you. He fell at her Feet tranſported, all he ſaid was confus'd, he embraced her Knees, gaz'd on her Face, and at length fainted falling down on his Face. Her Tenderneſs for him reviv'd; ſhe ſtrove to raiſe him, but through Weakneſs and Surprize ſwooned, falling by him. This Sight was extremely moving, the Ladies calling, the
Servants

Servants enter'd, took them up; in some time they recover'd, and were laid together on the Bed the Count had lain on. And now looking tenderly upon her, *he said*, Charming, much injur'd *Charlot*, can you forgive me? I am now single, our dear Child is well, and is my Heir; God has cast me on this Shore to bring me to myself and you; this happy Place has brought me Peace of Conscience. Do you but pardon me; and consent to marry me, and I'll bring you Home to *France* with Triumph, with God's leave. She gave him her Hand, Tell me, *Said she*, what has befallen you since that fatal Day you left me. I will, *said he*, the Ladies being seated, he thus began.



C H A P. XVIII.

THE unhappy Day, *said he*, when I basely left you, a Day I ever must repent of, I went safe ashore with the treacherous *Phillis*, whom God has already punished, having struck her soon after with Madness, in which she died insensible, and I fear unrepenting. I return'd to *Paris* to
my

my fine Wife, and thought myself happy, vainly fancying I had secured my Peace for the future. Your Mother invey'd against me, saying, I had trepan'd you: But I dissembled with her, pretending you had by Misfortune fallen over-board, and was drowned to my inexpressible Grief, which I was forc'd to stifle for fear of my Father, and my Wife's Reproaches. This *Phillis* justified to be true; and my great fondness for our Child, and the large Presents I made your Mother, prevail'd with her to Credit this Story; so I remain'd quiet from all Clamours but my Conscience, which Hourly reproach'd me: I had no rest, my Soul was on the Rack; I grew surly and morose to all the World; my Wife grew to hate me, and we liv'd miserably. A thousand times I wish'd for you again: At last I discover'd that she did me Injustice, in dishonouring my Bed with one of my Pages: I exposed her to the World; we parted, and in a short time after she died in Childbed, of a Child, which I did not believe mine: And that dying with her put an end to all Disputes. And now being little esteem'd by my Friends, and Conscious to myself of my own Wickedness and Shame, I left *France* in that cursed vessel
which

which brought you here, being forced to be civil and keep a Correspondence with the Villain who commanded it. We were bound to *Italy*, where I design'd to see *Room*, and pay my Devotions to all the holy Places there. I ask'd him when I came in Sight of this Coast, if he thought it was possible to find you, resolving to purchase your Freedom if all I was worth would obtain it, but he told me it was invain to attempt it: Soon after this Discourse a Tempest arose that tore our Ship in pieces, and cast me on this Shore; the Captain perish'd in my sight. I was half dead when I reach'd the shore; and was scarce able to walk: I saw a small Coffer on the Sands, and taking hold of it I made shift to drag it to the Wood: Considering I was in a strange Place, I thought it must contain something that would be useful to me, having neither Cloths, Food, nor Money. I sat down, and rested that Night, having nothing to eat to refresh me. At break of Day I found my Limbs stiff, and a great Faintness over all my Body; I broke open the Coffer, and found Money, Cloths, and many rich Things in it, by which I judg'd it to belong to the Villain Captain. As I was looking into it, three *Moors* appear'd who
coming

coming up to me, one struck me over the Head with a Sabre, which stun'd me quite; they gave me three Stabs in the *Stomach* and Breast with a Knife; and emptying the Chest, fled, leaving me for dead. It was long before I came to myself; but when I did, you may guess my Condition: I bled much, I sought for some Dust to stench the Blood, and that perform'd it; but being unable to walk far, and not knowing where to go, I remain'd there destitute of Food and Help. Here I examin'd myself as I ought, prepar'd to die, and I hope, made my Peace with God, whose Mercy has been signally manifested in my Deliverance, and our wonderful meeting.

THE Lades admir'd, and bless'd God for their good Fortune, and his Conversion; and wish'd nothing more than to see them marr'd, which *they* could not accomplish till a Christian Ship arriv'd, which was in less than a Month's time; when a *French* Ship came to them, from *Venice*, to inquire after them; which no sooner arrived, but *Abra* went aboard in the Fisher-Boat: Monsieur *Robinet* the Captain welcom'd him. When the Ship was ready to depart, he gave Notice, and they came Aboard, bringing their Money, Cloaths, and Jewels, and taking leave with much Affection, of Jo-

Cc hama

bama, whom *Emilia* and *Teresa* offer'd to take with them, but *Abra* and she had agreed to marry, so she chose to stay in *Barbary*. The Captain entertained them nobly, as became the Generosity and good Breeding of a *Frenchman*, and a Christian. They related to him all their Adventures, excepting the Occasion of *Charlot's* Misfortunes, which they conceal'd in respect to the Count *de Frejus*. And here he and *Charlot* were marry'd by the Chaplain, a good *Carmelite*, who made them an excellent Discourse upon the Subject of the Deliverances they had met with in that barbarous Place, from whence God had been now pleas'd to free them. They were bound for *Venice*, where they expected to find their Lords.

It will now be proper that I should inform you what Reception the Lords and the rest of our Travellers met with at *Venice*. *Antonio* and his fair Bride invited all the Company, at their landing, to go home with them to his Mother, the noble *Angelina's*. At their Arrival, the Servants seeing their Lord and the beautiful *Anna*, were so transported, they scarce knew what they did: They wept for Joy, and so great a Noise was made in the
House

House, that *Angelina*, who had been long sick in her Chamber, imagin'd the House was on Fire, and crept out to the Stairs-head, to see what was the Matter: But when she saw her Son and *Anna* coming up to her, she was scarce able to express her Joy. They threw themselves at her Feet; she bless'd and rais'd them, clasping them in her Arms, and weeping on their Bosoms. They inform'd her that they had brought other Persons of Worth and Quality with them, whom they would recommend to her Favour. She compos'd herself a little, and her Son led her down, where she receiv'd them with Demonstrations of Respect: But when she saw her Niece and Signior *Andrea Zantonio*, she was amaz'd: Just Heavens said she, Kinsman! who thought to have seen you together? God hath decreed it so, Madam, said he, and therefore Seas and Barbarians could not prevent it. *Angelina* call'd for Supper, saluted *Clarinda*, welcoming the Lords, the Count *de Château-Royal*, and the good *Seraja* at Supper, which was splendid, as the Company and Occasion merited. Great part of the Company's Adventures were related, and *Angelina* inform'd Signior *Andrea*, that his Father was dead, very much afflicted for the Loss of his Son: But

But my Brother and Sister, Niece, (said she to *Eleonora*) are well, and to-morrow we will go and see them. Beds were made for all the Company, no excuse would pass but the Lords, *Clarinda*, and her Lord, must all stay there while they continued at *Venice*. The next Day the whole City rang of this strange Story, and all the Noblemen and Ladies, who were Friends or related to *Angelina*, clouded thither to see, and welcome *Antonio* and his charming Lady to *Venice*. A Messenger was dispatch'd early in the Morning to *Eleonora's* Father's, who by Noon arrived at *Angelina's* with her Mother. Poor *Attabala* was likewise much caress'd for his faithful Service to his Lady. In fine, a Month past in nothing but Feasts, Balls, and Entertainments, to welcome these noble *Venetians* home; in all which the *Spanish* and *French* Lords shared. Yet Don *Lopez* and the Count *de Hautville* were deeply melancholy: They had related the Story of their Misfortunes, and the Lots of *Emilia* and *Teresa*; and a *French* Ship lying in the Harbour, *Angelina* propos'd to them to send for the Captain, and agree with him to cast Anchor and call at *Attabala's* House, to which they should direct him, and make enquiry after these unfortunate Ladies. They did so; and
this

this was the Ship that *Abra* went A board at his coming to Anchor. And in this Vessel they came safe to *Venice*, but not before the Lords had left it; for Don *Lopez* desirous to see his Father and native Country again, having little hopes of *Teresa's* being found, or escaping if alive; growing uneasy at the multitude of Company he was oblig'd to be in every Day, and wanting to be alone with his Friend, whose melancholy Humour suited best with him at that Time; he therefore propos'd to the Count *de Hautville* to go thence soon: However, they were detain'd two Months longer; Monsieur *de Chatteau-Royal* fell Sick of a Fever. And tho' all possible means were used to save him, yet all prov'd ineffectual, and the Physicians gave him over. He behaved himself in this his last Scene of Life so like a Christian and a Hero, that it charmed all that attended him. At last the pangs of Death being on him, he took a solemn Leave of every one there present, but particularly of the two Lords who had preserved him and *Clarinda* from perishing. He at last having received the last Sacraments, concluded all with taking leave of the disconsolate *Clarinda*, who had not for many Days and Nights gone into a Bed, or left his Bed-side: He grasped

grasped her Hand, fixing his dying Eyes upon her, said, My dear *Clarinda*, the Hour is now come when we must be parted, tho' not for a long Time; God does not think fit to continue us longer together. I have unfortunately occasion'd you many Misfortunes, we have known little Satisfaction in the Enjoyment of one another; now human Passions will cease to fire my Soul, and my Reason will govern. Believe me, sensual Pleasures are bitter in Reflection, and in Death afford no Consolation; I hope my Peace is made Above. I am glad to leave the World, and can advise you but two Things: The first is, to be content with our Separation, submit to God, and acquiesce in all Things he Decrees; nor murmur at Misfortunes, which are the holy Fires that must purg our Souls of Vice, and make us fit for Glory. And next I beg that you will quit the World, and in a Convent spend the remainder of your Life, where you may be no more in danger of being unhappy. Nor give that lovely Person to another, who may involve you in worldly Cares. Alas! my Dear, Life is well spent in learning how to die; live so that we may meet again to part no more. Yes, my Lord, *said she*, I will obey you, and never venture into the World again. Here
his

his Agonies encreasing, his confessor began the Prayers, and in few Hours he departed. *Clarinda*, after he was handsomely interr'd in the *Benedictine's* Church near the Altar, was invited into the Convent of Nuns adjoining; to which she went, attended by *Angellina*, *Antonio*, *Anna*, *Eleonora*, Signior *Andrea*, the two Lords, *Seraja*, and all *Angelina's* Relations and Friends, who lov'd her much, and left her there to enjoy uninterrupted Peace, where no worldly Cares can enter to disturb her.

AFTER this *Seraja* chusing to stay at *Angelina's*, the Lords took leave, and went for *Spain* in a *Spanish* Vessel. They arrived safe at *Barcelona*, from whence they went to *Madrid*; and there at his Seat near that City found Don *Lopez's* Father, Don *Manuel de Mendoza*, who was astonished to see him. He and the Count *de Hautville* entertained him with a faithful Account of all the strange Adventures they had met with, which fill'd him, with all his Friends to whom their Story was related, with Admiration. But no part of of their History was more wonder'd at than that of *Tanganor* and *Maria*; the Heroick Action which she did, in pulling out her Eyes to save her Virtue, charm'd all that heard it related.

AND now Don *Lopez* was worse fatigued than ever, being obliged to receive Visits from all his, till then, unknown Relations, and all the *Spanish* Nobility that heard of him; so that he had scarce an Hour to himself, or to give to his Friend alone. At last he retired to a Seat of his Father's in the Country, where he past a few Days to the Satisfaction of his Mind, but the Prejudice of his Body; for here he and the Count talked and thought of nothing but *Emilia* and *Teresa*, and that melancholy, which Company and Noise before diverted, seiz'd their Spirits; so that in a few Days they both grew alter'd, forgot to eat or sleep as Nature required; and nothing but leaving the World, and retiring to a Convent was thought of.

ONE Morning about ten a Clock, a Coach stop'd at the Gate, with an elderly Lady in it, who much desired to speak with Don *Lopez*. The servants brought her in, and Don *Lopez* being inform'd of her being there, readily came to her, hoping to hear something of the Ladies, but it prov'd otherwise: My Lord, (said she) I have heard with Amazement your Adventures, and your noble *Venetian* Friends; it is the Subject of all Peoples Discourse in this Province: But there

is one Story in particular, in which I am nearly concern'd, which relates to a Lady whose Name was *Maria*, lost from her Country, and me her afflicted Mother long since. I beg to hear from your own Mouth what I have heard from others, that being inform'd of each particular Circumstance, I may be able to judge whether the Lady you have seen be my dear Child or not. Don *Lopz* sitting down by her, related all the Story of *Tanganor*, and his Lady, and then beg'd to know how this excellent Lady come into the Hands of the *Turks*. The Lady much transported, being now positive that it was her Daughter he had seen, wiping away the Tears, which Joy had fill'd her Eyes withal, proceeded to satisfy his Request in this manner : My Lord, my Husband, Don *Fernado Valada*, was a Merchant at *Barcelona* ; it had pleas'd God to give us a very handsome Fortune, but it was many Years before he blest'd us with a Child, which was the only thing we wanted in the World, to make us compleatly happy. At last I proved with Child, and was deliver'd of this lovely Girl, which we bred up with the utmost Care and Tendernefs. When she wasturn'd of twelve Years old, my Husband having a Ship very richly laden return'd from *Goa*, which lay at

D d Anchor

Anchor in the Road, invited a great many of his Relations and Friends on board, to give them a Treat : I was at that time unfortunately indispos'd, and therefore sent my Daughter with her Father to supply my Place. It was *Autumn*, and late at Night before the Company broke up : The Pinnace carrying part of them ashore, and returning to fetch my Husband, *Maria*, and the rest grew dark, the Wind rose, and my Husband was afraid to let her venture to go so late, and apprehending a Storm, thought it best to stay aboard till Morning : But alas ! the Storm encreased, and about two a Clock the Ship was drove to Sea, having lost her Anchors, and running before the Wind, was drove on the Coast of *Barbary* : There the Ship was betet with three *Algerine* Pirates, and after a sharp Fight, in which my dear Husband was kill'd, the Ship was taken and carry'd into *Algier*. A *Turkish* Captain, who was come there to purchase fair Slaves for his Villainous Masters to make sale of, bought my dear Child ; but where he carry'd, or how dispos'd of her, I could never be inform'd till now. What I tell you, I got information of by Means of a Fryar, who was Chaplain to my Husband's Ship, and being a very sickly Man, and unfit for Slavery, the Pirate Captain dismiss'd him, and

and put him on board a *French* Ship they made Prize of, in their way to *Algier*; and having plunder'd it, put on board it all the wounded and disabled Persons, and some Provisions, and bid them go home. But alas! they were unable to manage the Ship, and had not God sent an *English* Ship, who met them at Sea, they had perish'd: The *English* Captain putting some Hands aboard, brought the Ship to *Barcelona*, to which Place he was bound. Thus my Lord, (said she) I have inform'd you of what you desired to know; and now I beg only one Favour more of you, which is to direct me how I may send to my dear *Maria*, whose Virtues have now made her ten times dearer to me than she was by the Ties of Nature. Don *Lopez* told the only way was to send by some *East-India* Ship, as he would direct. After many Thanks she took leave, and having a Brother who was a Captain of a Merchant Ship, got him to go to that Iland, and had the Satisfaction of having a Message from *Maria's* own Mouth, with a Letter from *Tanganor*, promising to come to *Spain* the next Year, so soon as he had got another return from *Persia*. In the mean time he sent her his eldest Daughter, the lovely *Leonora*, whom she receiv'd with the greatest Joy imaginable.

This

This was a Year after she was with Don *Lopez*, whom we shall now leave at his Country Seat, and return to enquire after the Ladies.



C H A P. XIX.

THREE Months after Don *Lopez*, and the Count *de Hautville's* Departure from *Venice*, the charming *Emilia* and *Teresa* arriv'd with the Count *de Frejus*, and his Lady the now happy *Charlot*, and were by Monsieur *Robinet* conducted to *Angelina's* House; where they were received with great Joy and Civility: And here they put on Habits suiting their Sex and Quality, and were obliged to stay some Days both to refresh themselves, and in compliance with the Importunity of their Friends, Signior *Antonio Barbarini* and the engaging *Anna*, and Signior *Andrea* and *Eleonora* his Lady, mutually strove to divert and treat them; rivaling each other in the Magnificence of their Feasts and Balls: And all their Relations visited and invited them to Entertainments; so that a Month was past before they could handsomly take leave. They forgot not to pay a Visit
to

to *Clarinda*, whom they dearly lov'd and honour'd, lamenting Monsieur *de Chettau-Royal's* Death, whom they much pity'd whilst living; fearing no Dispensation would be granted him to live with *Clarinda*. And now Monsieur *Robinet*, who obligingly staid with them, prepar'd for their Departure, taking aboard Wine and fresh Provisions of all Kinds, to accommodate them in the Way. And now taking leave, tho' with some uneasiness, being much prest to stay longer, they went on board, accompany'd by all their generous Friends, who waited on them to the Ship. The good *Seraja*, who was overjoy'd at their Arrival, gladly went with them, being amaz'd at the Treatment, and fine things she met with, and saw in *Europe*. Abundance of fine Presents were made to *Emilia* and *Teresa* by the *Venetian* Ladies, of rich *Venetian* Brocades and some Jewels, to be the Monitors to remind them of their absent Friends rich Wines, Lace, perfum'd Gloves, Sweetmeats, and all sorts of things useful and ornamental. Nor did *Emilia* and *Teresa* omit to make such Returns as became them to do, promising the noble *Angelina* and *Anna* never to neglect an Opportunity of writing to them and to keep their Friendship alive with frequent

quent Converse of Letters. And thus embracing one another they parted, and the Ship set sail, arriv'd at *Barcelona*. The Captain took a Lodging for the three Ladies and Count *de Frejus*, at their Landing, and then making inquiry for Signior Don *Manuel de Mendoza*, Don *Lopez's* Father was soon inform'd where he was; and going the next Morning to his Seat, which he rid to in few Hours, he inform'd that noble Lord who was arrived in his Ship. He receiv'd the News with much Joy, and curious to see his Daughter in Law and *Emilia*, of whom he had heard so much; as likewise to bring the Lady, and good News to his Son himself; he order'd his Coach and six to be got ready against the next Morning; when he set out with the Captain for *Barcelona*, where he found the expecting *Emilia* and *Teresa*, whom he tenderly embrac'd, and welcom'd the Count *de Frejus* and his Lady, admiring the Ladies Youth and Beauty, especially *Teresa's*, which he had expected to see much changed. He carry'd them to his Seat the next Day, having entertain'd them at a Relation's House the Day of his Arrival at *Barcelona*, and the Night of his stay there: Then he paid Captain *Robinet* nobly, making him promise to call on him at his next Return
from

from *France*. He treated his Daughter and Company in such a manner at his Seat, that even amaz'd them; and then set out for the Country Seat, where those they most long'd to see were. When the Coach came near the Gate, he beg'd the Ladies to abide in it, till he went in and prepar'd his Son, and the Count to see them; Left (said he) the Surprize of seeing you on a sudden may hurt them. They contented. Ladies (said he) I assure you your Husbands are much changed for the worse, that is, they are pale, lean, and dispirited, but you will be the best Cordial to revive them. He quitted the Coach, and attended by two Servants only, enter'd the Gate, and asking for his Son, was inform'd the Count and he was in the Gardens. Thither he went and found them sitting together in a deep Discourse: They started at his coming up to them, like Men lost in Thought. Gentlemen (said he) why do you pass Life thus in Solitude, unactive, and lost to the World? Son I blush to think the loss of a Woman (tho' a Wife) should rob you of your Reason, and make you forget your Duty to your Prince and Country. Come, wake, shake off this Lethargy, rouse at the Call of Glory and Honour, and let your Ancestors Souls no longer
mourn,

mourn, to see you waſt your Youth in pining for a Woman, which ſhould be employ'd in doing Deeds worthy your Birth, and to perpetuate your Name. Alas! my honour'd Lord (ſaid he) you cannot comprehend what I have left: Conſider the amazing Proofs *Tereſa* gave me of her Virtue, and the ſad Condition I have left her in. See here, my Friend, a Man brave as the World can ſhew, he droops like me, for ſuch another Woman. Why ſhould we be cenſur'd if we leave the World and live retir'd? Are not our Convents fill'd with ſuch, and don't they merit our Eſteem. My Son (reply'd the old Lord) they leave the World by choice, you only becauſe you are diſguſted; ſuppoſe your Wives are dead muſt you rebel and murmur againſt Providence? Ha! (ſaid the Count *de Hautville* ſtarting) Dead! what are you going to prepare us for? if they are ſo, tell us at once, our Reſolutions are already made, a Cloiſter ſhall ſecure us from all future Miſchief; we will not make a ſecond Choice. Let Glory and the idle Ambition that deludes Mankind tempt them to venture in a Crowd, and end Life in a Tumult; we will ſtudy how to die, and wait our Maker's Pleaſure, till he rids us of a tedious Life, and calls us to eternal Reſt.

Here

Here the cold Sweat trickled down his Face, and the old Lord admiring their Constancy and Affection, took him by the Hand, and said, Come Friends, revive, God has heard you; I have some good News to tell you; I have heard from your Wives, they are not far off, follow me. Here turning about, he went to the Gate. they following in such Disorder they scarce knew what they did: But when they saw the Ladies, they forgot all Ceremony, and rushing into the Coach, regardless of *Charlot* the Stranger, they fell on their Knees before their Wives, embracing them, who were so transported the Tears flow'd from their Eyes, and mutually bless'd God, and said so many passionate Things, that the old Lord, *Charlot*, and the Count *de Frejus* wept. In some Time they began to remember who waited, and Don *Lopez* recovering himself, beg'd Pardon of his Father. My Son (said he) it is a laudable Error; you have a Wife worthy the Affection you bear her, she merits all your Care, and God has blest me beyond my desert in such Children. The Ladies alighting, enter'd the House. And now an universal Joy spread itself through all the Family, and ten Days were past in nothing but Balls and Entertainments.

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THEY

THEY departed thence for *Madrid*, where Fame had spread the News of their Adventures before their Arrival; and there they saw the Splendor of their glorious Monarch King *Phillip's* Court, where the *French* Gallantry has taken place of the *Spanish* Gravity, and Wisdom & good Manners seem to walk hand in hand; where solid Sense and Generosity, Greatness and Goodness, appear united; where Men are Statesmen and Courtiers together.

FOR six Months they pass'd the time agreeably, and then the Count *de Hautville* having receiv'd News from *France*, that his Father was dead long since, and the Title and Estate his due; tho' his suppos'd Death had confin'd it to another, who was ready to resign it to him with pleasure; communicated this News to the Company: But *Teresa* and *Emilia* knew not how to think of parting, they were both with Child. At last it was resolv'd the Count *de Hautville*, now Marquis *de Ventadore*, should go to *France*, settle his Affairs, and return to them; *Teresa* begging *Emilia* might lie-in with her.

THE Count *de Frejus* and the Marquis, with *Charlot*, who long'd to see her Mother and Child, went together to *France* over the *Alps*, *Emilia* making her Lord promise never
more

more to go upon the faithless Seas. They arriv'd safe in *France*, where they were greatly welcomed, and *Charlot's* lovely Daughter receiv'd by her Parents with great Transport.

THE Marquis *de Ventadore*, quickly return'd to *Spain*, and was not long after bless'd with a Son, which *Emilia* brought him on the 10th of *August* 1751. And the charming *Teresa* made her transported Lord Father to a Son and Daughter the 13 of *September* the same Year: The two Lords stood God-father's to each others Sons, and Don *Lopez's* Father and *Emilia* to *Teresa's* Daughter, who bare *Teresa's* Name; and Don *Lopez* in performance of his Vow, built a Church, and dedicated it to St. *Teresa*.

AND now one would suppose, that having pass'd seven Years in an almost continued Scene of Misfortunes, and thus fortunately arrived in their native Country, the happy Don *Lopez* and his charming Wife might expect to pass the remainder of their Days in Peace. 'Tis true, the fair *Teresa* was but Nineteen, and that fatal Beauty that had occasioned her so much Sorrow, was rather improved than diminished: But her known Virtue would have awed any bold Admirer from

from once daring to disclose his Flame, and secured her from all attempts of Love, one would have imagined. But alas! it was otherwise decreed: A yong Nobleman of *Spain* Son of a Duke, and Favourite of his young Prince, the Prince of *Asturias*, whom he was bred up with, Nephew to Don *Manuel* Father of Don *Lopez*, coming frequently to Visit him and *Teresa*, who was now up again, and seem'd to rise like the glorious Sun to bless the World, with new Charms in her Face and Fire in her Eyes, Content adding Smiles to her natural Sweetness, the unfortunate Don *Fernando de Medina* gaz'd away his Liberty, and grew so mad in Love, that he forgot all Ties of Blood, Honour, and Christianity; and resolved to possess her, or die in the Attempt. He knew her Virtue render'd all Means but Force impracticable, despairing to gain her any other way; and therefore subtly contriv'd how to effect it, without her being aware of it, or her Husband able to find out where she was, or who had stolen her. In order to this, he hires four desperate *Catalonian* Gentlemen's Sons of Fortune, who had been employ'd before in such, or as bad Undertakings: These he promised a great Reward to. One of these hired a House

House next a Wood, about five Miles from *Fernando's* Country-seat, and placed in it two old Hags, proper for such a wicked Design. Here they made a Chamber strong as a Prison, furnish'd it with a Bed, and all necessary Things. Thus prepared he goes to his Kinsman's, invites him and the Marquis to a Hunting-match, with the Ladies. They willingly consented to go, and the next Morning went to his House, where after being magnificently treated. they went into the Field; and the Ladies loving the Sport, excellently mounted, pursued the frighted Stag, till the heat of the Day made them retire to this fatal Wood, where Don *Fernando* had prepared a Treat for them. Here they din'd in a Tent pitch'd for that purpose: And then he propos'd to the Lords, to leave the Ladies there to repose, whilst they hunted another Deer, and so return to conduct them home in the Evening. Two Servants were left to attend the Ladies. About an Hour after their Lords were gone, the four Villains who lay in Ambush, with Vizards on their Faces, and Pistols in their Hands, rushed into the Tent, and seizing upon *Teresa*, carry'd her away before the Servants, who were fallen a sleep upon the Grass behind the Tent, awaked with the Alarm of *Emilia's* Cries. *Fernando* kept the Lords some Hours,
and

and then returning to the Tent, they found *Emilia* almost distracted with Grief, and the Servants standing mute as Statues: The cunning *Fernando* shew'd a mighty Concern for his Kinſman's Misfortune. Don *Lopez* raved, and ſtorm'd like a man in Deſpair, but all in vain. They ſearched all the Wood, and paſſing by the lonely Houſe, ſaw one of the old Hags, who ſtood at the Door on purpoſe. The Lords enquired of her, if ſhe had ſeen any Man with a Lady paſs by that Way: She told them, Yes; about two Hours before, ſhe ſaw four Men ride by, with a Lady bound Hand and Foot before one of them, and ſuppoſing them Thieves, ſhut the Door. They turn'd to that Road [ſaid ſhe] ſhewing a contrary Way, to that they had really taken: *Emilia* and the Lords went on that Road the Woman directed, but to no purpoſe. At laſt Night approaching, they went home. Don *Lopez* was inconſolable, and the diſſembling *Fernando*, who inwardly triumphed at the good Succeſs of his curſed Plot, ſtay'd with him all Night. Next Morning he took leave, pretending he would make it his Endeavour to find *Tereſa*, and bring the Villains to Juſtice: But alas! he burn'd to poſſeſs her, and flew with the utmoſt ſpeed to the

Place,

Place, where he knew she was. And now I must inform my Reader, that the Villains did not carry her directly to the House by the Wood; but rid twenty Miles farther thro' unfrequented Places, having put her, bound Hand and Foot, into a Horse-litter, which they had placed just beyond the House. Here they stop'd till it was dark; then lighting Torches they had brought in the Litter, they return'd by the same Ways to the House, and left her in the horrid Room where the old Hags attended to watch her. Here they laid her bound upon the Bed, ungagg'd her, and strove to pacify her, but in vain: She wept and lamented her Misfortune, in Terms so moving it would have melted the Hearts of *Barbarians*: But these vile relentless Women derided her, asking, what she fear'd from a Man who passionately loved her. Thus poor *Teresa* pass'd the remainder of the sleepless Night and Morning, taking no Sustenance, but refusing to eat or drink, thy fear'd to unbind her. About Noon the base *Fernando* arrived so disguised, it was almost impossible to know him; he put a Vizard upon his Face before he enter'd the Chamber, then shutting the Door, he came to the Bed-side, and used all his Rhetorick to persuade her to yield fairly

ly

ly to him. Then he proceeded to Threats, yet she remain'd inflexible, us'd Prayers and Tears to dissuade him from so horrid a Crime: Heaven (said she) will find you out, and pour its vengeance upon your Head; my Lord will discover you, or some Thunder-bolt dispatch you, and bring your Soul to the dreadful Tribunal, where your Sentence will be given. He seem'd deaf to all she said, rudely kissing and embracing her. At last summoning all her Reason, she changed her Behaviour: Well then (said she) since Love makes you deaf to all Entreaties to dissuade you from this dreadful Deed, unbind me, give me something to drink, and let me find some Humanity in the Treatment you give me; if I must be yours, shew that you love me. *Fernando* transported at her seeming so consenting, readily call'd for Wine, unbound her Hands and Feet. Having first lock'd the Door, she drank, and watching an Opportunity, threw a Glass of Wine in his Eyes, then flew to the Door, broke the Lock, and attempted to run down the Stairs, her foot slipt, and she fell down, and unfortunately broke her right Leg short at the Instep, so that she could not rise. By this time he had recover'd himself, and hearing her groan, ran down Stairs, where he found

found the old Hags standing as amaz'd. He took her up in his Arms, carry'd her up to the Bed, and seeing the Blood running on the Floor, soon discover'd what had happen'd; she swooned, and the Shin-bone was shiver'd, so that it had cut thro' the Skin and Sinews, and appear'd. This Sight dash'd his amorous Fires, and awakn'd his Care to preserve her. He ran down, took his Horse, and went to a Village for a Surgeon; who came, and was doubtless surpriz'd to see so fine a Woman in such a dismal Place. But *Fernando* had told him, it was his Wife who was lunatick, and had broke loose, and endeavour'd to escape, and so came by this sad Accident: pretending himself to be a Gentleman who belong'd to the Court, and would not keep her in his own Appartment there. The Surgeon dress'd her, not regarding her Complaints; and *Fernando*, who was oblig'd to unmask, lest the Surgeon should suspect something, tooke care to hide his Face from *Teresa*. No sooner was the Surgeon gone, but he put on his Vizard, and approaching the Bed-side, said many kind and tender Things, to which she gave no Answer: Excessive Pain, and the Fright, with the Fatigues of the foregoing Night, having made her almost unable to complain. At last he

left her, it being necessary for him to appear in fight, to prevent his being suspected of the Villainy he was guilty of. One of the old Hags watch'd by her that Night, and in the Morning when the honest Surgeon return'd, he found her light-headed, with a strong Fever which had seiz'd her, in which she talk'd of Don *Lopez*, *Emilia*, her Child, and of being stole. This made him begin to suspect something. She remaining dangerously ill for some Days, in which time *Fernando* came often to see her, he was much concern'd and took care to let nothing be wanting but a Physician, whom he durst not send for, for fear of discovery. In this time great Inquiry being made after *Teresa*, the Surgeon heard of it, and immediately took Horse, and went to the Lords, informing them of what he knew. Don *Lopez* and the Marquis desired much to know who the Villain was, but that the Surgeon was ignorant of. They took Horses immediately, attended by five Servants well arm'd, and conducted by the Surgeon, went to the House; it being midnight before they reach'd it, the Door was made fast, a Horse being ty'd near it, and a Light in the Chamber: They consulted what to do, fearing, if they knock'd, it might alarm the old Hags,
and

and the Ravisher, who might by some back-Door or Window escape; so they concluded to wait till he came down to take Horse. They did so, and towards Day-break one of the old Hags open'd the Door. The Lords, who were dismounted, and stood ready rush'd in, and running up Stairs, found *Fernando* in the Room mask'd. Don *Lopez* stay'd not a Moment to deliberate, but shot him through the Head: He fell dead at his Feet, not uttering one Word.

Thus he perish'd in a Moment, unprepared for Death, and got a just Reward for his Villany. *Teresa*, who was almost dying, and delirious, looked up, and knew her Lord; she strove to rise to reach him, but fell back: He laid his Cheek to her's, and strove to stifle his tumultuous Joy, and hush her to Repose. The Hags were seized, and some of the Servants dispatch'd for a Horse-Litter, in which *Teresa* was carry'd home to her Lords, and the vile Women sent to Prison. *Fernando's* Body being known, was sent home: And tho Don *Lopez* had receiv'd so great an Injury, yet he fear'd a Trial, or privet Injury, from *Fernando's* Family, Revenge being very, natural to *Spaniards*; he therefore absconded, resolving to retire to *France* with
the

the Marquis *de Ventadore*. And now able Physicians being sent for, in some Days *Teresa* got rid of her Fever, and began to recover: At last, she got up again, but went lame, and never expects to do otherwise whilst she lives: She rewarded the honest Surgeon nobly.

Don *Lopez* got safe to *France* first, and the Marquis, with the Ladies, Children, and Servants, follow'd; Don *Lopez's* Father having taken Care to make a noble Provision for his Son to live in *France*. They travel'd gently and arriv'd safe at *Poitou*, where they are all happily seated together.

AND now it is fit we make some Reflection for our own Improvement, on the wonderful Providence of God, in the Preservation and signal Deliverances of these excellent Persons in this Narrative.

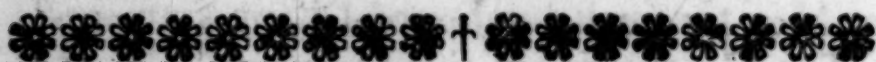
A great Number of Christian Slaves are redeem'd from the Hands of those cruel Infidels, amongst whom our noble Slaves suffer'd so much, and liv'd so long; and no Doubt but amongst these, if we enquire, we shall find some, whose Misfortunes, if not their Virtues, equal these Lords and Ladies. It is in Adversity that Men are known: He is only worthy the Name of a Christian who can despise

spise Death, and support even Slavery and Chains with Patience; whom neither Tortures or Interest can shake, or make renounce his God and Faith, How frequent is it for us, who boast so much of Religion, to sacrifice our Consciences to Interest? How Impatient are Men for small Injuries or Disappointments?

The Gentlemen in this Story, well deserve our Imitation; as for the Ladies, I fear you will scarce find any here who will pull out their Eyes, break their Legs, starve, and Choose to die, to preserve their Virtue. The Heathens indeed, shew many Examples of such heroick Females; but since the first Ages of Christianity we have had very few: The Nuns of *Glastenbury*, who parted with their Noses and Lips to preserve their Chastity, are, I think the last the *English* Nation can boast of. 'Tis well in this Age, if the fair Sex stand the Trial of soft Persuasions; a little Force will generally do to gain the proudest Maid. But I forget, that to give good Advice, and not to censure is at present my Business; I shall therefore sum up all in a few Words.

Since Religion is no Jest, Death and a future State certain; let us strive to improve the noble Sentiments such Histories as these will inspire in us; avoid the loose Writings which
debauch

debauch the Mind; and since our Heroes and Heroines have done nothing here but what is possible, let us resolve to act like them, make Virtue the Rule of our Actions, and Eternal Happiness our only Aim.



I shall Add,

THE
HISTORY
OF

BERNARD LOMELLIN,

Merchant of GENOA.

THERE happened together in an Inn at *Paris* some *Italian* Merchants, who had come thither upon their different Occasions, and meeting at Supper one Night, and conversing merrily of one thing after another, they came at last to talk of their Wives, whom they had left behind them; when one of them
said

said in a jesting way, I do not know what my Wife does with herself; but I am sure if I meet with any thing that pleases me, I forget my Love to her, and make use of the Opportunity. and so do I, quoth another; for whether I believe it or not my Wife will do as she pleases. A third was of the same Opinion, and all seem'd to agree that their Wives at home lost no time in their Absence. Only one Man among them all, named *Bernard Lomellin* of *Genoa* avow'd the contrary; declaring that he had a Wife, in whom centered all the Virtues that could adorn either Sex: That she was young and beautiful in her Person; that she was Mistress of her Needle; that no Man-servant waited with more Dexterity at his Master's Table, than he was served by her, as being thoroughly discreet and well-bred; that besides her Skill in Horsemanship, and the management of an Hawk, there was no Merchant understood Accounts better: And coming at length to what bred the Dispute, he declared with an Oath, that no Woman upon Earth could be more Virtuous and chaste than she was; for he firmly believed, was he to be absent from her ten Years, she would have to do with no other Person. Amongst the Merchants who had been talking on this Subject, was a young
Fellow

Fellow called *Ambrose* of *Placentia*, who made the greatest Jest in the World of what *Bernard* said last in praise of his Wife, asking him if the Emperor had given him this privilege, exclusive of the rest of Mankind? *Bernard* was a little disturbed at this, and said, Not the Emperor but God Almighty, who was something more powerful than the Emperor, had bestowed this Favour upon him. *Ambrose* replied, I make not the least Doubt, but that you think you speak Truth: But in my Opinion you have not enough considered the Nature of Things; for if you had, I do not think your Understanding so mean, not to find many Reasons to make you think more coolly upon the Matter. Wherefore lest you should imagine, that we (who have spoke so much at large concerning our Wives) might suppose our Wives of a different make to yours, but we have Regard to the natural Propensity of all, I shall beg leave to reason a little with you upon this Subject. I have always understood, that Man is the most noble of God's Creatures; and that Woman is in the next Degree to him: Now as Man is allowed to be more perfect, he must consequently have more Resolution and Constancy. In like manner, Women are more wavering and
fickle,

fickle, as I could shew by several Reasons, which I shall omit at present. If therefore Man, who is allowed to have the most Stability, cannot (I will not say resist a Woman, that should intreat him) but even desire and do all that lies in his Power to get into the Company of a Woman that he likes ; and this not once in a Month, but a thousand Times every Day ? What can you think a Woman naturally weak can do against the Entreaties, Flatteries, Gifts, and a thousand other Means, which an artful Lover knows how to use ? Do you think she can resist ? Affirm it as you will, I shall never think you are in earnest. You say your Wife is Flesh and Blood, and therefore subject to the same Desires with other Women ; and her Strength to resist those Desires must be the same : Be she then ever so virtuous, it is possible for her to do like other Women : And if it be possible, you should never have denied it in that positive Manner, and maintained the contrary, as you have done. *Bernard* replied, and said, I am a Merchant, and not a Philosopher, and shall answer you as such ; I tell you therefore, that what you say may be the Case of Women of little Understanding, and who have no Sense of Shame ; but such as are wise have that Regard for their Honour, that they become

more firm than the Men, who are not so tender in that Point, and such a one is my Wife. *Ambrose*, if for every Fault of this Kind they were to have an Horn spring out of their Foreheads, to bear Testimony against them, few would be guilty: But so far from having an Horn grow, if they be wise, there is nothing to make the least Discovery; and as Shame and loss of Character happens only when Things are made publick, therefore what they can accomplish in secret, they rarely fail to do; or if they abstain, it is through their Folly. Take this then for a Rule, that Woman only is chaste who has never been asked; or she who herself has asked and been refused. And tho' I am convinced of this by natural and just Reasons, yet I should not speak as I do, if I had not tried the Humours and Affections of many different Women. Let me also tell you, that if I was in company with your most virtuous Wife, I should not doubt my obtaining the same Favour from her, that I have gained from many others. *Bernard* was provoked at this, and said, there is no End of disputing; you assert and I assert, which is all nothing: But since you say they are so easily warped, and have such an Opinion of your Power that Way; to convince you of my

Wives

Wifes Virtue, I will forfeit my Head, if you ever bring her to Compliance, upon Condition that if you should not prevail upon her, you only lose a thousand Florins of Gold. *Ambrose* replied with a good deal of warmth, what Service will your Life be to me, if I should win it? But if you have a mind to put the Thing to a Trial, deposit five thousand Florins which are of less Value than your Life, against one thousand of mine; and as you fix no time, I will oblige myself to go to *Genoa*, and in less than three Months from the Day of my Departure, to gain my Will of your Wife, and to bring such Tokens of that back with me, as you yourself shall confess to be just; provided you will give me your Word, that you will neither come to *Genoa* in that Time, nor write to her about that Matter. *Bernard* said he liked the Wager; and tho' the other Merchants endeavoured all they could to prevent it, as well knowing what mischief might ensue; yet the two Merchants were so warm, that inspite of all their Friends could do, they immediately sign'd the Articles to that purpose. *Bernard* therefore staid behind, whilst *Ambrose* made the best of his Way to *Genoa*; where he continued a Day or two, informing himself as cautiously as might be of the Name
of

of the Street where the Lady lived, as also of her Character; when he soon heard all that *Bernard* had related to be true, and a great deal more; which made him conclude, that he had come thither upon a very foolish Errand: But meeting with a poor Woman who frequented the House, to whom the Lady was very kind, he wrote so far upon her, by means of a Bribe, that he was carried in a Chest made according to his own Direction, not only into the House, but even into the Ladies Bed-chamber; where it was to be left for some Days for the greater Security, as if the good Woman was going abroad. When Night came, and the Lady (as he supposed) was asleep, he opens the Chest with certain Instruments, which he had carried with him for that End, and goes softly into the Room, where there was a Light burning, by which he observed carefully the Form and Situation of the Chamber, and also the Pictures, and every thing remarkable in it; which he endeavour'd to keep in his Memory. Coming then to the Bed-side, and seeing the Lady and a little Girl that was in Bed with her both fast asleep, he found her as beautiful as if she had been drest; but yet he could perceive no sign to carry away concerning her, unless it was a Mole upon

on her left Breast; with which being pretty well satisfied, and not daring from the Lady's known Character to presume farther? after being there greatest part of the Night, he takes a Purse, and also a Gown, with a Ring and Girdle; all which he put into his Chest, and went into it again, making it fast as before, where he continued two Nights. without the Lady's perceiving any thing of the Matter. The third Day the Woman came for the Chest according to her Appointment, and carried it back; when *Ambrose* satisfied her according to Promise, and hastes away to *Paris* with those Tokens before the limited Time. There he summon'd the Merchants together, who were present when the Wager was laid, declaring to *Bernard* that he had won, having brought the Tokens which he had promised to produce. First then he described the Chamber and the Paintings, and shew'd those Things, which he said he had received from herself. *Bernard* own'd that the Chamber was as he described it; and he remembered also that the Things, which he had brought belonged to his Wife; but he added that he might have an Account of the Room, as well as procure the other Things from some of the Servants; wherefore if he could say nothing more,

more, this did not seem sufficient to entitle him to the Wager. When *Ambrose* replied, Truly this ought to satisfy you; but since you would have me say something more, know then, that Madam *Zineura* your Wife has a Mole upon her left Breast. When *Bernard* heard this he was struck to the very Heart, and his Countenance changed in such Manner, to convince them, if he had not said another Word, that *Ambrose* spoke Truth; and after some time he replied: Gentlemen, what *Ambrose* says is true; and as I own myself to have lost, he may come when he pleases, and I will pay him. The Money therefore was paid the next Day, and *Bernard* set out for *Genoa* most cruelly incensed against his Wife; and being come to a Country-house of his about twenty Miles off, he sent a Servant, whom he could trust, with a couple of Horses and a Letter for her; wherein he acquainted her with his return, and that he would have her come away with the Servant, whom he had charg'd at the same time, that when he came to a fit Place, he should put her to Death, and repair to him. The Servant deliver'd a Letter to his Mistress, who receiv'd the News with great Joy; and the next Morning she set forward with him: And as they travel'd along

talking

talking of diverse Things by the Way, they came to a solitary Vale surrounded with Trees, which the Servant thought a fit Place for the Execution of his Master's Orders; wherefore drawing a Knife out of his Pocket, and taking the Lady by the Arm, he said, Madam, commend your Soul to God, for here you must die. She in the utmost Astonishment begg'd for God's Sake, that before he put her to death, he would tell her what she had done to offend him in that Manner. Madam, says the Servant, you have done me no Harm; and as to your Husband I can say only this, that he order'd me to kill you by the Way, without shewing you the least mercy; threatening otherwise to hang me up. You know full well my Obligations to him, and that I must not resist his Commands; I am sorry for you, God knows, but I cannot help it. The Lady wept, and said Alas! do not murder me, who have never injur'd you, for the Sake of another Person: God is my Witness, who knoweth all Things, that I never did any thing to deserve this from my Husband; but setting that aside, you may (if you please) serve God, your Master, and myself in this Manner; namely, do you take my Cloths, leave me only your Hat and Dublet, and carry them to my Lord and yours, telling him that you have kill'd me;
and

and I swear to you by that Life which I shall be indebted to you for, that I will go where neither he, you, nor any Person in this Country shall ever hear more concerning me. The Servant, who was loath to put her to death, was easily prevailed upon; and leaving her his Coat and Hat, and some Money which she had about her, and intreating her not to stay, goes strait to his Master, telling him that he had obey'd his Commands, and left the Body to be devoured by Wolves. After some Time *Bernard* returned to *Genoa*, and the Fact being discovered he was much blamed for what he had done. The Lady being left alone, as soon as Night came on, she went to a neighbouring Village, where she procured what she wanted of an old Woman, and she mended and cut the Dublet shorter, and turned her shift into a pair of Trowzers; and having cut her Hair, and appearing in every respect like a common Sailor she went to the Sea-side, where she met a *Catalonian* Gentleman, named Signior *Encararch* who being just come on shore to refresh himself at a Spring of fresh Water, she falls into Discourse with him. and agrees to enter into his Service, and goes on board, calling herself *Sicurano de Finale*. There she had better Cloaths given her, and she proved so expert and diligent
a Servant,

a Servant, that he was entirely pleased with her. Soon after this Gentleman sailed to *Alexandria*, carrying with him a number of Falcons as a Present to the *Sultan*, who often entertained him at his Table; and taking particular notice of the behaviour of *Sicurano*, who waited always upon her Master, he begs her of the Gentleman much against his Will; and in a little Time she was in as much Favour with the *Sultan*, as she had been with her former Master. Now at a certain Time of the Year there was to be a Fair at *Acres*, which was under the Dominion of the *Sultan*, and where was a great Resort both of Christian and *Turkish* Merchants, for whose greater Security the *Sultan* used to send one of his ordinary Officers with a Band of Soldiers. and the Time now drawing near, he resolves to send *Sicurano* for that purpose, being well-skilled in the Languages; who being come to *Acres* as Captain of the Guard for the Merchants, discharged her Duty with great Care and Diligence, conversing daily with *Sicilian*, *Pisan*, *Genoese*, *Venetian* and other *Italian* Merchants, whom she chiefly was acquainted with, because they were of her own Country. As she was one Day therefore in a Shop belonging to a *Venetian* Merchant, amongst some other Toys, she cast her

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Eye

Eye upon a Purse and Girdle, which she strait-way knew to be her own; but without making any such Discovery, she asked who they belonged to, and if they were to be sold? Now it happened that *Ambrose* was come thither with a great Stock of Goods, along with these Merchants on board their Ship, and hearing that the Captain of the Guard made Enquiry whom those Things belonged to, he stepped forward, and laid with a Laugh, Sir, they are mine, and not to be sold; but if you like them, they are at your Service. *Sicurano* seeing him laugh, supposed it was at some Action or behaviour of hers, and therefore with a more settled Countenance she said, I suppose you laugh to see me a Man professing Arms, enquiring after such Womanish Toys. Sir, said *Ambrose* I do not laugh at that; but I laugh only at the manner by which I obtained them. *Sicurano* then replied, Good Sir, (if it be not too much Trouble) tell me how that was. Sir, quoth *Ambrose*, a Lady of *Genoa* called *Zineura*, Wife to one *Bernard Lomellin*, gave them to me one Night when I lay with her, and desired I would keep them for her Sake. I laugh therefore at *Bernard's* Folly, who laid me five thousand Florins to one thousand, that I could not obtain my Will of her; which I did, and won

won my Wager, whilst he, who deserved to have been punish'd for his Brutality more than she, who did no more than what all Women do, returned to *Genoa*, and, by what I can find, had her put to death. *Sicurano* now found out the Grounds of *Bernard's* Displeasure; and as she perceived this Man had been the cause of it, she determines not to let him go unpunish'd: But seeming to be pleased with his Story, she became more acquainted with him; and when the Fair was ended, she took him with her, to *Alexandria*, and made him hire a Shop, and lodged Money in his Hands, which turned to such Account, that he was very willing to stay there. *Sicurano*, desirous of making her Innocence appear to her Husband, agreed with some *Genoese* Merchants, under some pretence or other, to have him brought thither, and being come in a poor and wretched Plight, she had him privately to a Friend's House to be taken care of, till it should be Time to put her Purpose in Execution. Now *Sicurano* had made *Ambrose* tell the Story before the *Sultan*, who seemed pleased with it; but as soon as her Husband was come, she determined to wait no longer; and taking a fit Opportunity, she prevailed upon the *Sultan* to send for *Ambrose* and *Bernard* both before him, and in the presence

fence of *Bernard* to make the other confess
 by force, if he would not own it otherwise,
 how the Affair was, which he had boasted of
 concerning *Bernard's* Wife. Accordingly they
 were brought face to face, and the *Sultan* with
 a stern Countenance commanded *Ambrose* be-
 fore a Number of People to speak the Truth,
 namely, how he had won of *Bernard* the five
 thousand Florins. *Sicurano* also, who was pre-
 sent (and in whom *Ambrose* put a good deal
 of Confidence) declared with a great deal of an-
 ger in her Looks, he should be severely chas-
 tised, if he did not : Being terrified therefore on
 both sides, and in some measure compelled ;
 expecting also to restore only the five thousand
 Florins, without any other Punishment, he re-
 lated the whole Affair. Which being done,
Sicurano, as Minister to the *Sultan*, turns to
Bernard, and saith, What did you to your Wife
 on account of this Lie? He made answer, Be-
 ing outrageous with the Loss of my Money
 and Shame together, for the Injury I thought
 I had sustained from her, I ordered one of my
 Servants to murder her, and, as he informs me,
 she was immediately devoured by Wolves.
 These things being related in the presence of
 the *Sultan* and many other Witnesses, without
 knowing what *Sicurano's* Purposes was there-
 by,

by, she said therefore, My Lord, you now see plainly what great Reason the poor Woman has to boast of her Gallant and Husband ; for the one deprives her of her good Character with Lies, and ruins her Husband at the same time ; whilst the other, shewing greater Regard to that Person's Falseness, than to the Virtue of his Wife (of which he might have been assured from long Experience) has her murdered and devoured and eaten by Wolves. Besides, such is the Respect that they both bear towards her, that she is not known to either of them, tho' they have been long entertained by her. But that you may more perfectly understand what both have deserved, and if at my Request you will punish the Deceiver, and excuse the Person who was deceived, she shall forthwith appear before you and them, the *Sultan* (who was disposed to shew Favour to *Sicurano* in every thing) agreed that the Lady should appear ; at which *Bernard* was much surpris'd, as supposing she was dead. Whilst *Ambrose* foreseeing what was like to happen, began to think of something worse than Repayment of the Money, not knowing whether he had more Reason to fear or hope from her appearing there ; and he expected her with the utmost Consternation. The *Sultan* having thus given leave,

Sicurano

Sicurano threw herself at his Feet, and laying aside her manly Voice and Demeanour, she said, My Lord, I am the miserable and unfortunate *Zineura*, who for the Space of six Years have wandered over the World in Man's Disguise, being basely aspersed by that Villain *Ambrose*; and given up to a Servant by that most cruel and unjust Man to be murder'd and devoured by Wolves. And shewing her Breast, she made it appear that she was the same Woman. Turning then to *Ambrose*, she resolutely demanded, when it was that he had lain with her, as he had formerly vaunted? But he knowing her again, was so struck with Shame, that he could not utter a Word. The *Sultan*, who had all along taken her for a Man, was so surpris'd at what he heard and saw, that it appeared to him to be more like a Dream than Truth. But upon recollecting himself, and seeing every thing plainly made out, he most highly commended the Life, Constancy, and Behaviour of *Zineura*, heretofore called *Sicurano*; and ordering proper Apparel and Attendants for her, pardoned *Bernard* at her Request, the Death he had justly merited; who now knowing her again, kneels down and begs Pardon, which she readily granted, (however unworthy he was of it) and embrac'd

brac'd him as her Husband. The *Sultan* then ordered *Ambrose* to be tied to a Stake in the most eminent part of the City, and his naked Body smear'd over with Honey, and to hang there till he should drop in Pieces; which Sentence was soon put in Execution. Next he gave charge, that all his Substance should be given to *Zinura*, which did not amount to less than ten thousand double Ducates: And making a most sumptuous Feast in Honour of *Bernard*, as her Husband, and *Zineura* as a most worthy Lady, he presented her with Plate and Money, to the amount of ten thousand Ducates more: And providing a Ship for them when the Feast was over, he gave them leave to depart for *Genoa*, which they did with great Joy, and were received with the utmost Respect, especially *Zineura*, who was thought to be dead; and the same Esteem was continued towards her as long as she lived. As for *Ambrose*, he was not only destroy'd the very Day he was impal'd, with Wasps and Hornets, with which the Country abounds but he was eaten to the very Bones; which being bound together by the Sinews, remain'd hanging there for some time, as a testimony of his Villany. Thus it is, that the deceiver lies at the mercy of the Deceived.

FINIS.